



LION KING * MASK * MAVERICK * THE CROW

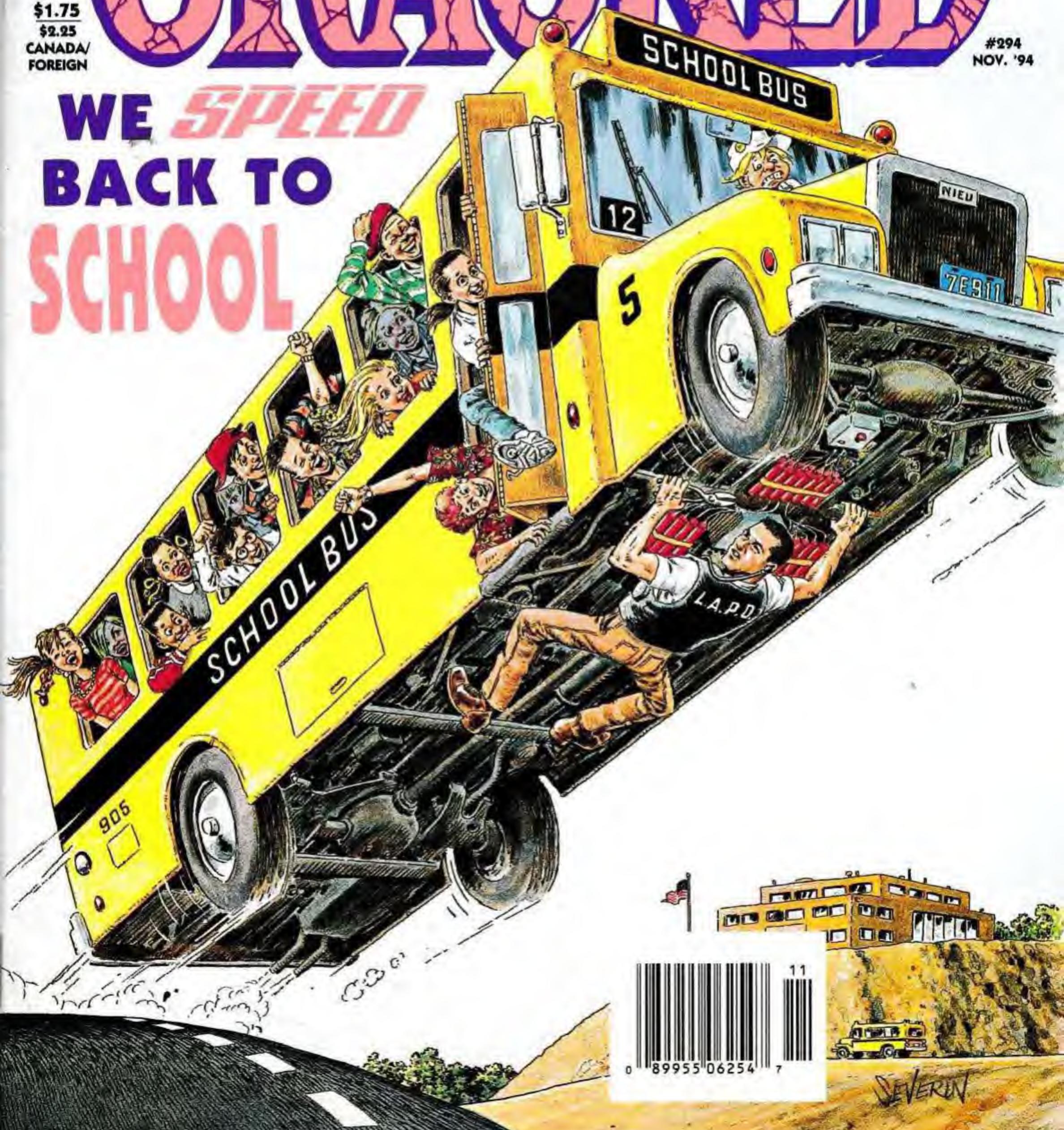
SPUD

CRACKED

\$1.75
\$2.25
CANADA/
FOREIGN

#294
NOV. '94

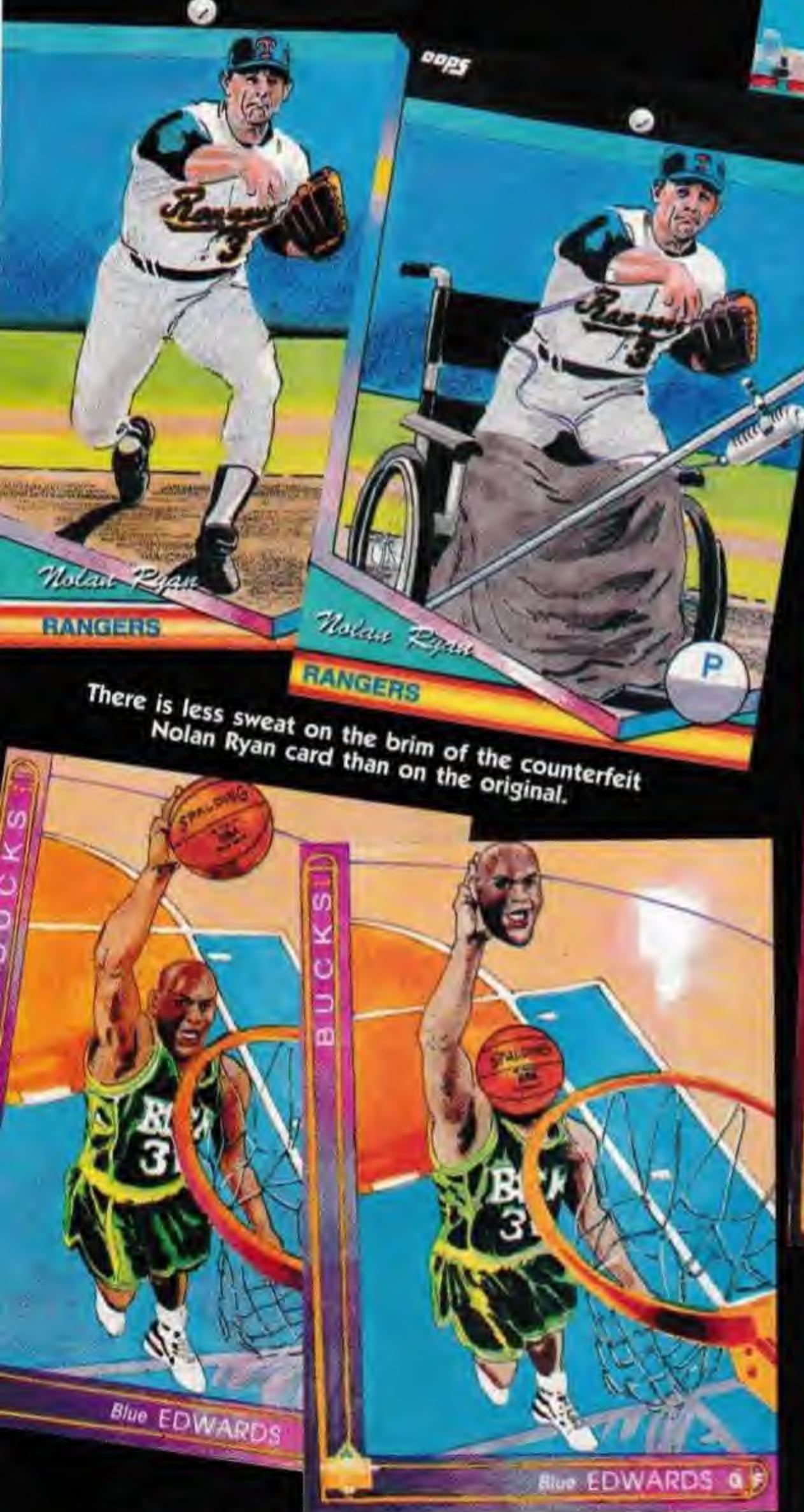
WE SPEED
BACK TO
SCHOOL



SEVERIN

HOW TO DETECT COUNTERFEIT TRADING CARDS

We all enjoy collecting trading cards. But they're also big business. Unfortunately, some unscrupulous people rip collectors off by selling counterfeit cards. Here are a few examples.



This counterfeit basketball card features a stain on the back of Blue Edwards' jersey.



In the counterfeit card, the fan sixteen rows up and eight seats over has a mustard smudge on his shirt, whereas, on the real card, the shirt is spotless.

CRACKED

441 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017



NOV. '94/#294

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B A C K

SO, WHAT'S THE CALL?

A racehorse gets into a drunken brawl with his jockey at a bar across the street from the racetrack.



The jockey drags the horse out of the bar and to the racetrack in time for the race, which, with the help of 12 Singapore Slings, he wins.



SO, WHAT'S THE CALL?
Does the result stand?

Rule B5ZB/A-1(Q) states, "a jockey must be on top of a horse" to win. However, rule 9380/B-2(P) states, "If a puny jockey can carry a drunken horse across the finish line he deserves to win." Therefore, THE RESULT STANDS!



UP TO DATE STATE LICENSE PLATE SLOGANS

WE'RE ONE OF THE SQUARE STATES

SXT 248

— WYOMING —

KEVORKIAN KOUNTRY

PPX 417

— MICHIGAN —

Truthfully?
We're Sick of Cheese!

662-BMT

— WISCONSIN —

It's not the size of the boat...
but the motion of the ocean

536 WF

Rhode Island

Coming Soon... Indoor Plumbing!

YCQ 313

— Mississippi —

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN'AT?

2 DOA-578

NEW YORK

WE CAN SEE UP NORTH
CAROLINA'S SKIRT!!

WL 0458

— SOUTH CAROLINA —

9 BAD SIGNS ON AN AIRLINE

- The air sickness bag on your flight is a HEFTY bag.
- Your pilot asks if anyone has an atlas he can borrow.
- Your pilot bears a strong resemblance to the kid who flunked out of your driver's ed. class.
- Your stewardess tells you to "assume the crash position," before your plane has taken off.
- You see a fish swim past your window.
- The oxygen masks are left hanging down permanently.
- A passenger yells, "All right, who forgot to empty my vomit bag?"
- There's so much frost on the wings that someone has built snowmen on them.
- Your pilot makes an announcement to prepare for landing... and you're over the ocean!



VIERING OFF by Jed Vier



THE ANNUAL WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST SWIM MEET

W A S H

RETURN TO SENDER

Dear Cracked,

For your first day back I've prepared a lovely lunch menu: A dead something dipped in a crunchy something smothered in a pungent liquidy something. Enjoy!

Mrs. Rita Ptomaine
School cafeteria

Dear Cracked,

Pull down your pants, bend over and say "Aah."

School Nurse
Holding a thermometer

Dear Cracked,

Uh-oh. Where's the cat?

Mrs. Rita Ptomaine
School cafeteria

Dear Cracked,

Students, it is my firm hope that frz blag brvrz kablurg fizz fizz aggapffzt to the best of your abilities. Thank you.

Principal Lester P. Smythe
On the Public Address System

Dear Cracked,

A list of fabricated letters, one real letter, a sports strip cartoon, a one panel cartoon called Viering Off, humorous license plate slogans, an old photo with caption, a different sort of weather vane and a list you shouldn't read while riding in an airplane.

Cliff Notes for Cracked's Backwash Section

LETTERS FROM YOU GUYS

Dear Cracked Magazine,

In issue #291 I noticed an extremely offensive article derived from the "Roseanne" series called "Grossanne". I do not appreciate this one bit! I'm sending a copy of this letter to NAAFA (National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance). I suggest you either do away with the fat humor or else.

Sincerely,
Bill Arnold

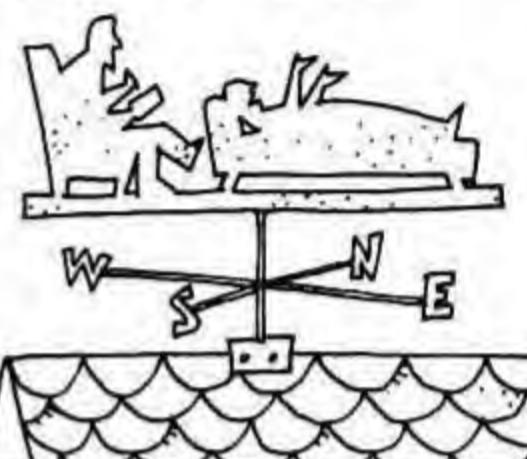
Dear Bill,

Or else what? You'll sit on us?

—The eds.

CELEBRITY WEATHER VANE/FREUD MODEL

Besides providing such mundane information as wind direction, it theorizes about why the north wind is frigid, why the west wind has a need to prevail, why the east wind howls, and how the south wind plans to murder the first two and marry the third.



Oliver North claimed that Virginia voters don't give a "rat's petootie" about the Iran-Contra affair. Above, a scientist searches for the elusive petootie.

OZ & NS by T. Colon

MALE PATTERN BALDNESS



HORSESHOE



MEDIAN STRIP



TONSURE



PATCHES



CHECKERBOARD



POLKA-DOT



PLAID



PAISLEY



HERRINGBONE

The latest animated film from the folks at Disney is a far cry from the usual cartoon. There are no humans in the movie, the animals don't wear clothes, (no, you little perverts, Minnie Mouse is not in the film) and they walk on all fours. The animals are supposed to be real! Yeah, sure...like when's the last time you heard a lion talk like James Earl Jones or a hyena sound like Whoopi Goldberg? Also, real male lions, unlike the Disney ones, have naughty parts. A lion becomes the head of his pride by killing off the other male lions so he can have all the females to himself in order to sire his own bloodline. In other words, he's...

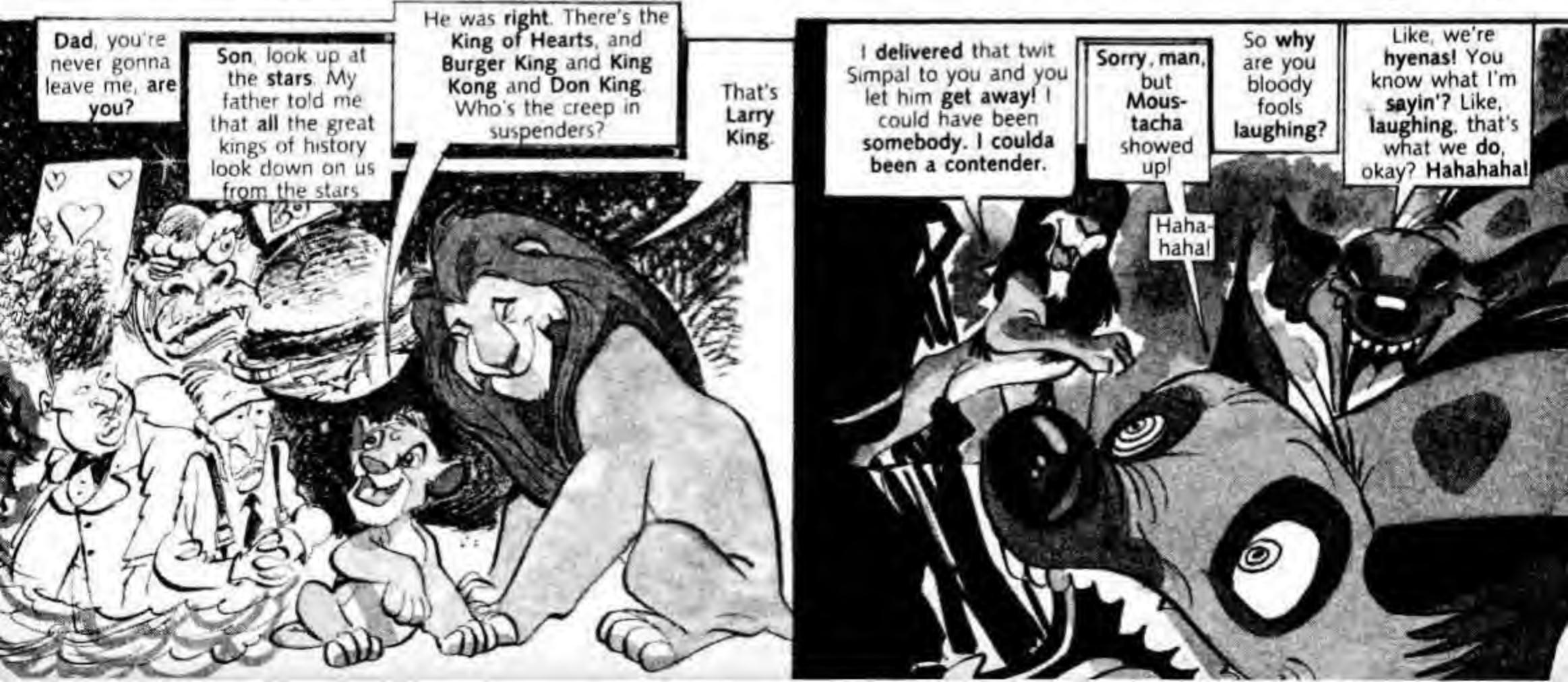


THE LOIN KING

THERE WAS GREAT EXCITEMENT IN THE JUNGLE. ALL THE ANIMALS, EXCEPT THE HYENAS, WHO WERE SOCIALLY UNACCEPTABLE, HAD GATHERED TO MEET THE NEW PRINCE, SIMPAL, SON OF KING MOUSTACHA.







I borrowed this play from John Madden. You three start a wildebeest stampede. I'll lure Simpal into their path. Moustacha will try to rescue him and we will have killed two birds with one stone.

Birds? I thought we were killing lions?!

Scare, that play's a sure touchup.

That's touchdown, you idiot!

Hey man, like I said, we're hyenas—not rocket scientists.

Simpal, your father wants to spend some quality time with you. He said to wait right here.

Right, Uncle Scare! Nothing will make me disobey my father.



Nothing except for a herd of stampeding wildebeests! HAAALP! Dad, forget the quality time! Just get me outta here.

My name is Roy Dysentery. I hate to interrupt during this exciting sequence, but I have an important message for parents.

Moustacha is pushed to his death by Scare while rescuing Simpal. The loss of a parent is something all children have to face, so we feel that seeing this is a great experience for them. Of course, many children and their parents will be traumatized by this event, which is an old Disney tradition dating back to Bambi's mother being shot. Pleasant dreams. Now we rejoin our story with Simpal finding his father's dead body...

Dad, come on! Let's go play. I'll never disobey you again, honest.

He won't get up. He's dead and you killed him. A good lawyer might get you off pleading the "juvenile rage" defense. But take my advice—run away and never come back.



(SNIFF)
Okay,
Uncle
Scare.

The king is dead. Long live the king—ME!



THE HYENAS CHASED POOR SIMPAL, BUT HE MANAGED TO ESCAPE INTO THE JUNGLE.

Look, it's a rabbit. Tell me about the rabbits, George.

My name is not George, and that ain't no rabbit. It's a lion, and lions eat guys like us.

Let's keep him. When he grows up he can be our bodyguard.

Or maybe we'll be HIS dinner.



Hi, I'm Spitoon, and this is my buddy, Boombox. Man, you look **depressed**. If you follow **our** philosophy, your troubles will be over.

Yeah, it's called Shaquille O'Neil.

No, it's Hakeem Olajuwon. It means: "why worry?"

Are you hungry?

Yeah! Are we going to the mall to get **burgers** and pizza?

No, fast-food is too **low** on the food chain for us to eat.

We just turn over a rock and get some **decent** food—slugs, snails, ants, and worms! Yummy!

THE YEARS PASSED AND SIMPAL GREW INTO MANHOOD... OR IS IT LIONHOOD?

H-HAULP!

Simpal?

Nailya, what are you doing here?

I'm hunting for food. The lion kingdom never heard of **women's lib**. We females do all the hunting, while the males hang-out and talk about sports.

Nailya, come live with us. We sit around all day, singing folk-songs and eating worms and stuff.

You're a hippie? You are our king. You have to return. All the herds left. There's **nothing** to eat since your uncle Scare and his hyenas took over.

Today the jungle, tomorrow the WORLD!

I'm not the king. My father was the king, but he's dead.

No, he's not.

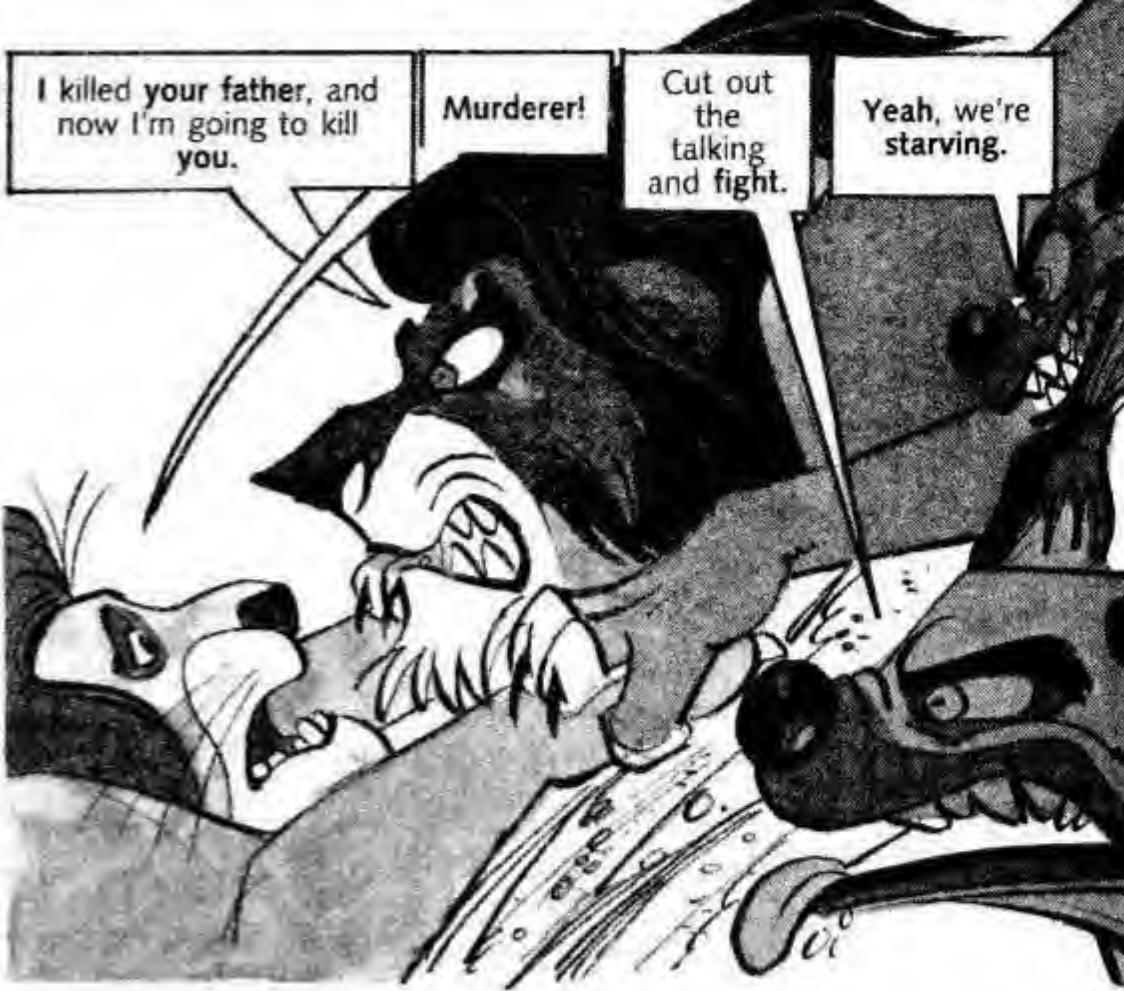
My father's alive?

Would a crazy, senile baboon witch-doctor lie?

Look, up at the stars!

Simpal, you are my son. You are the king. You must take your place in The Circle of Life.

Okay, but on one condition: Nobody sings that stupid song again.



WHERE'S OSWALDO?

YO, ASSASSINATION BUFFS!
IT'S BEEN 30 YEARS SINCE
THE DEATH OF J.F.K. WHILE
THERE HAVE BEEN TONS
OF THEORIES ABOUT THE
ASSASSINATION, THERE'S
ONE THING ALL THE
SCHOLARS AGREE ON:
WE DON'T KNOW WHO
DID IT - UNTIL NOW,
THAT IS. SEE IF YOU CAN
FIND THE REAL
ASSASSIN.

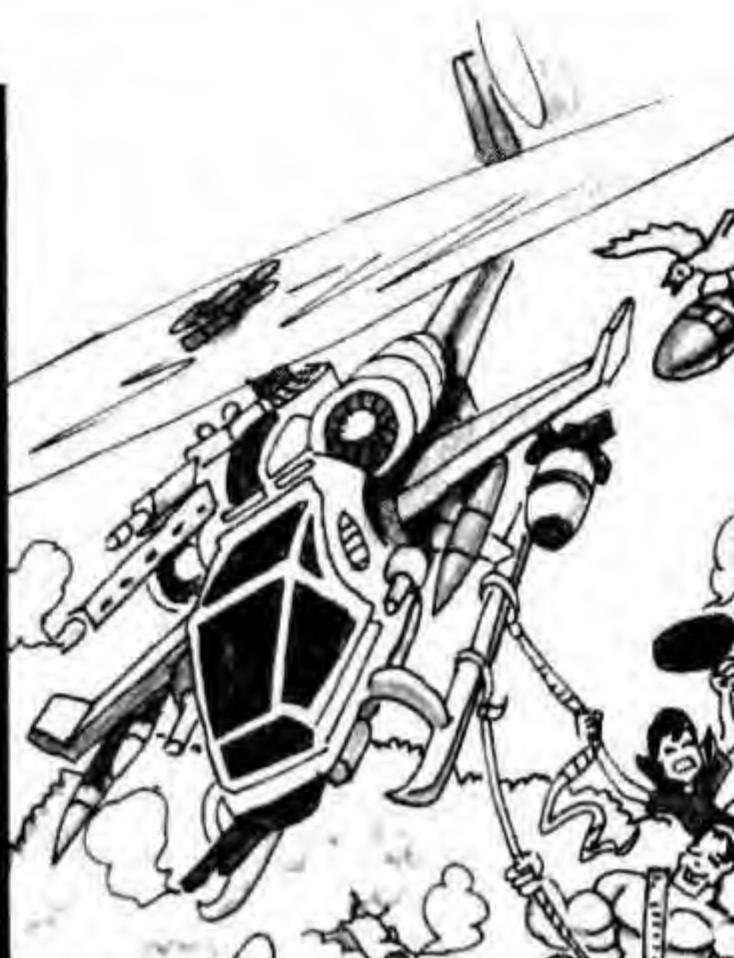
Oswaldo

Writer-David Boone

Artist-Ruvik Tyler



TO:
OSWALDO'S DEATH SQUAD
GRASSY KNOLL, RAILROAD,
OVERPASS, BOOK DEPOSITORY,
DEALEY PLAZA, AMERICA'S
TOWN, DALLAS, TX. U.S.A.





THE GREAT WHERE'S OSWALDO CHECKLIST

More people for Oswaldo watchers to watch out for.

- J. Edgar (Mary) Hoover male-ing himself
- Richard Nixon branching out
- Arnold Schwarzenegger hanging out
- The Friendly Neighborhood Ice Cream Man
- Oliver Stone directing it all
- Abraham Zapruder shooting it all
- A parashootist
- Fay Wray and date
- O.J.
- The bushed Babushka Lady
- The Three Little Deadly Pigs

WHERE'S OSWALDO? IN THE SECOND FLOOR LUNCHROOM. JUST LIKE HE SAID.

RULES AND REGULATIONS REGARDING THE MASK



WRITER & ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO

① STAND AT LEAST 15 FEET BACK FROM ANY MASK-WEARER WITH HICCUPS



② IT IS UNFAIR, AND UNSPORTSMANLIKE, TO WEAR THE MASK WHILE PLAYING HANDBALL



③ NEVER GIVE A TRICK-OR-TREATER WEARING THE MASK AN APPLE OR PENNIES FOR HALLOWEEN



④ THE MASK SHALL NOT BE WORN BY THE LONE RANGER AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR HIS ORIGINAL MASK



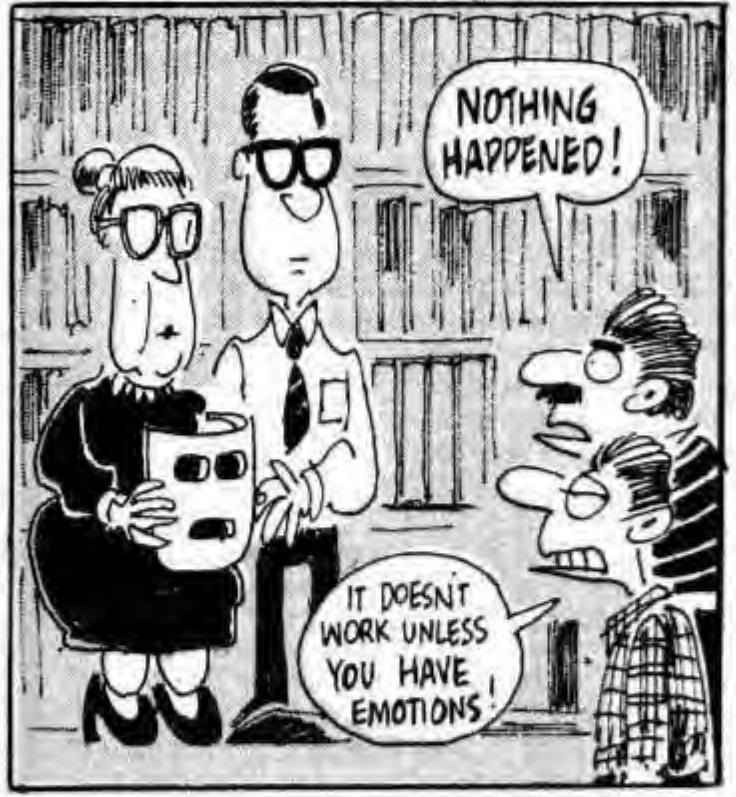
⑤ ANY REPRODUCTION, DUPLICATION, OR OTHER FACSIMILE OF THE MASK IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED



⑥ ALWAYS BRING THE MASK TO ANY AUTO REPAIR SHOP



⑦ THE MASK DOESN'T WORK ON ACCOUNTANTS, OR LIBRARIANS



⑧ IT IS INADVISABLE TO LET THE PRESIDENT WEAR THE MASK



⑨ DO NOT GET INTO AN ICE-SKATING COMPETITION WITH A MASK-WEARER



⑩ PUTTING THE MASK ON A PIT BULL IS A BAD IDEA



⑪ DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT GIVING THE MASK TO BEAVIS OR BUTTHEAD



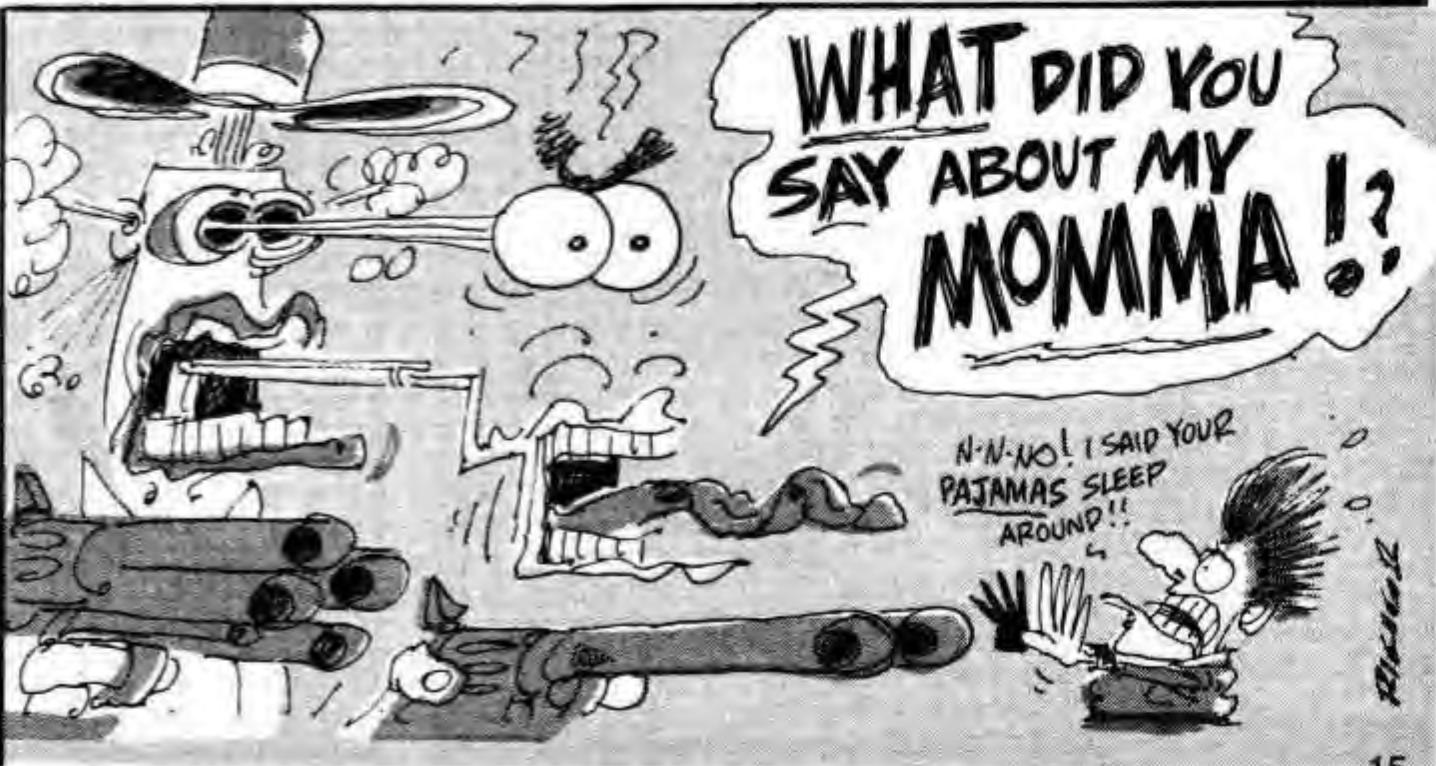
⑫ KEEP THE MASK AWAY FROM SMALL CHILDREN



⑬ GOES WITHOUT SAYING - NO MASK FOR THE NORTH KOREAN GOVT.



⑭ NEVER SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A MASK-WEARER'S MOTHER!



DISCOVERY: INSIDE THE PHARAOH'S TOMB

WRITER: R. WESKE / ARTIST: DON OREHEK



Students have plenty of teen and fashion magazines to tell them how to dress. What about teachers? Where do THEY get their fashion ideas? Why, of course, they get 'em right here in the:

FASHION PAGES FOR TEACHERS (AND OTHER SCHOOL TYPES)

WRITER: GREG GRABIANSKI PHOTOS: CHRIS BARTLETT



Lucita Glump
Lunchroom Lady

Uniform by: "Globco Kitchen Industries", \$35; Splattered chili across uniform by: "Hormel Foods", \$25 per barrel; Hairnet by: "County Health Code #B14", 50 cents; Cigarette by: "Marlboro", Cost: Free—(Bummed off the Health Inspector); Ethnic Woman's Moustache By: "Lousy Genetics"; Wiggly Arm Flab by "Ben and Jerry's", \$3 a pint; Zesty Mayo N' Clam Treat (with teeth that fell out of Lucita's head), \$4.75 per scoop.



Milton Creamylung,
Math Teacher

Shirt by "Dumpy Man Casuals", 2 for \$6; Itchy Polyester Slacks with Button-Flap Heinie by: "Walmart" (Circa 1977), \$5; Tie by: "P.T.A. Rummage Sale", 25 cents; Shoes By: "Thunderbird Lanes Bowling Alley", Cost: Free (stolen); Sweat Stains and Balding Skull by: "The Rotten Little Monkeys That Drive Me Nuts Day In And Day Out", Cost: A Nasty Ulcer; Glasses With Completely Wrong Prescription by "Eyeglasses for the Needy", Cost: Free by donation; Studded, Heavy-Leather Bondage Gear (on underneath) by: "Granny Taylor's Dome Of Forbidden Pleasures", \$2,000.



Brittany Candytuft
English Teacher

Blouse by: "Keep on Dreamin' Junior", \$75; Skirt by "Driving Their Sorry Little Hormones Completely Bonkers Casuals", \$100; Stockings by "If Only You Geeks Stared At Your Books As Much As You Stare At My Legs You'd Be In College By Now Legwear", \$15; Shoes by "Touching Themselves For The First Time Shoes", \$35.



Karl Bulbouscrotch
Gym Teacher

Shorts by "Three-Sizes Too Small Mashed Prostate Wear", \$20; Shirt by: "Gigantic Foul-Smelling Freak Menswear", \$25; Pacemaker by: "Goofy Lenny's Precision Medical Equipment", \$27,000; Binoculars (in pocket) by: "I See You Boys Taking A Shower, Inc.", Cost: His job, if anyone ever finds out; Cheesy Smile by "I'm Doin' The English Teacher Everyday At Lunch In My Van", Cost: A disturbing rash.



Pappy Tickles
Woodshop Teacher

Shirt by, "The Fashionable Amputee" (Daily Price Cuts), \$9; Pants: "Were My Old Man's But He Drove His Rig Off A Viaduct and Got Hissself Killed"; Wheelchair (not shown) by "Mike's Wheelchair Shop" (walk-ins welcome), \$670; Missing Arm by: "Guzzling Half A Bottle of Jack Before Showing The Kids How to Run The 48-Inch Buzzsaw"; Missing Leg by "Resting A 2x4 On My Lap And Then Letting a Chainsaw Rip Into It Without Thinking"; Prosthetic Head by "NASA", \$5,000,000,000,000.



Rosie Gordissima
History Teacher

Hair by: "Severe Anal-Retentive Witch Hair-Salons" (New York, London, Paris), \$5; Underslip by: "Yeah, We'll Cover Yer Big Ass" Intimate Apparel, \$10; Dress: "Homemade Circa 1944 From Old Curtains and Chicken Fat", Cost: Some Old Curtains and Chicken Fat; Necklace by: "Toys R'Us", 75 cents; Bi-focals: "Homemade Circa 1912 From a bedroom window and chicken fat, Cost: A Wet Bedroom Everytime it Rained.



Stanislaw Twitchymeat
Janitor

Custodial Uniform by: "Armani For Broken Down Old Scrub Men", \$60; Cap by: "The Jaunty Dullard", \$25; Miserable, Gargling Coughing Fit You Hear From Across School by "Asbestos In The Boiler Room", cost: His Life in about 2 Years; Key Ring with 798,000 Keys by "Thanks-A-Lock, Inc.", \$2,455,900; Mop by "Joe's Mops and Junk" (London, Paris, Tokyo), \$16,443; Puke by "Little Billy Huffman" (courtesy of the lunchlady's "Zesty Mayo N' Clam Treat")



A recent report from The Society Of People Who Do Reports reports that the average per student cost at a well-off suburban school is \$786,000 — while the average per student cost at a poor, urban school is roughly a buck-fifty. We've sent Prime Slime Live reporter, Sam Donalddaughter, to see if these schools have anything in common, or whether it'll always be...

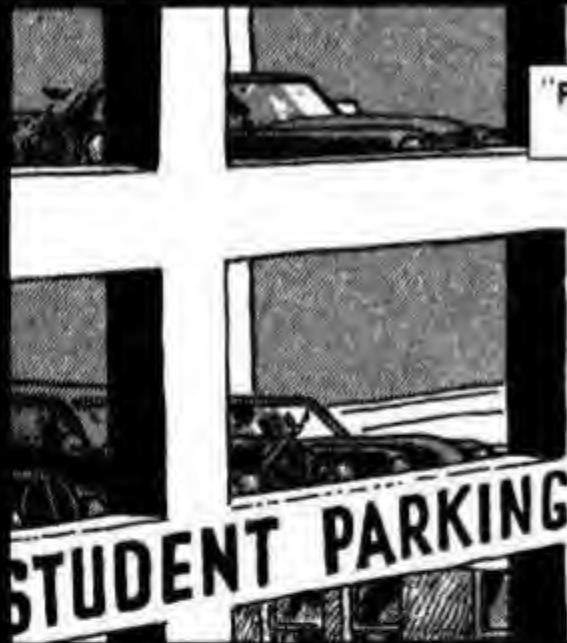


RICH SUBURBAN SCHOOLS VS POOR URBAN SCHOOLS

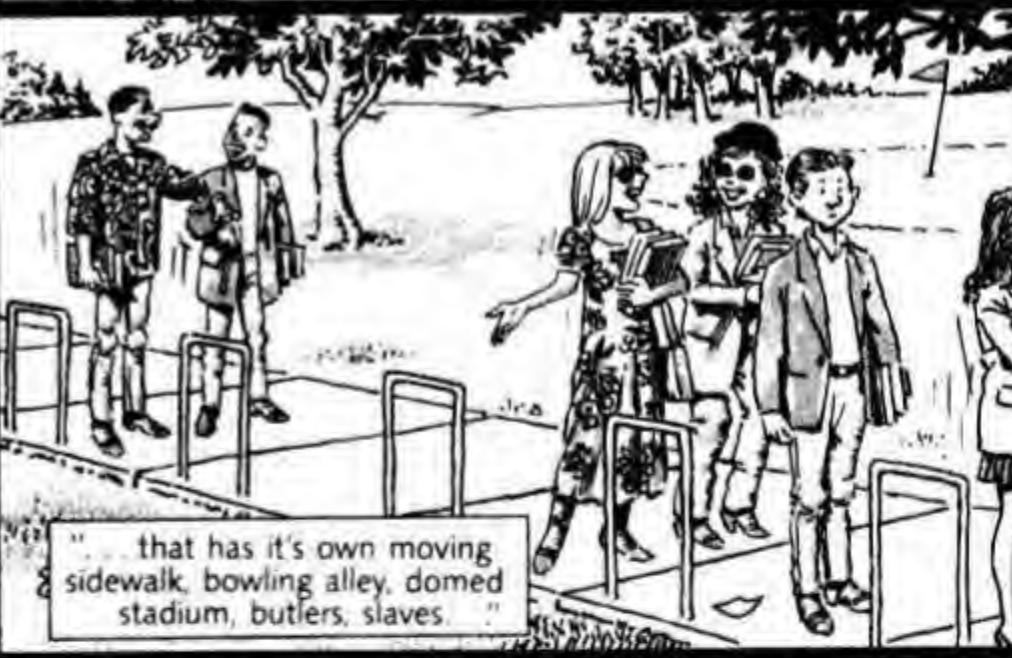
WRITER: ANDY SIMMONS ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

"Hello, this is Sam Donalddaughter. Situated on the 11th hole of the Landed Gentry Golf Course..."

PRISTINE HIGH



"Pristine High is like any other high school..."

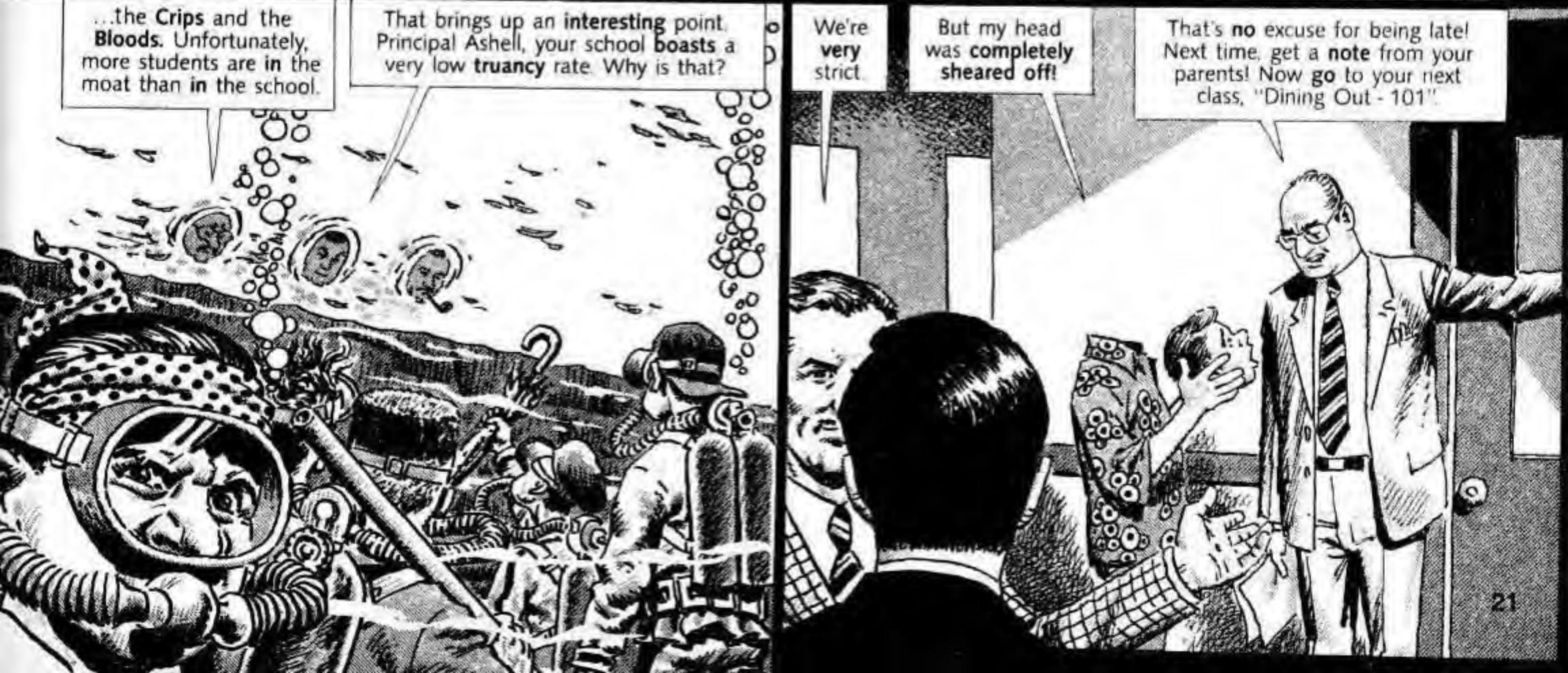
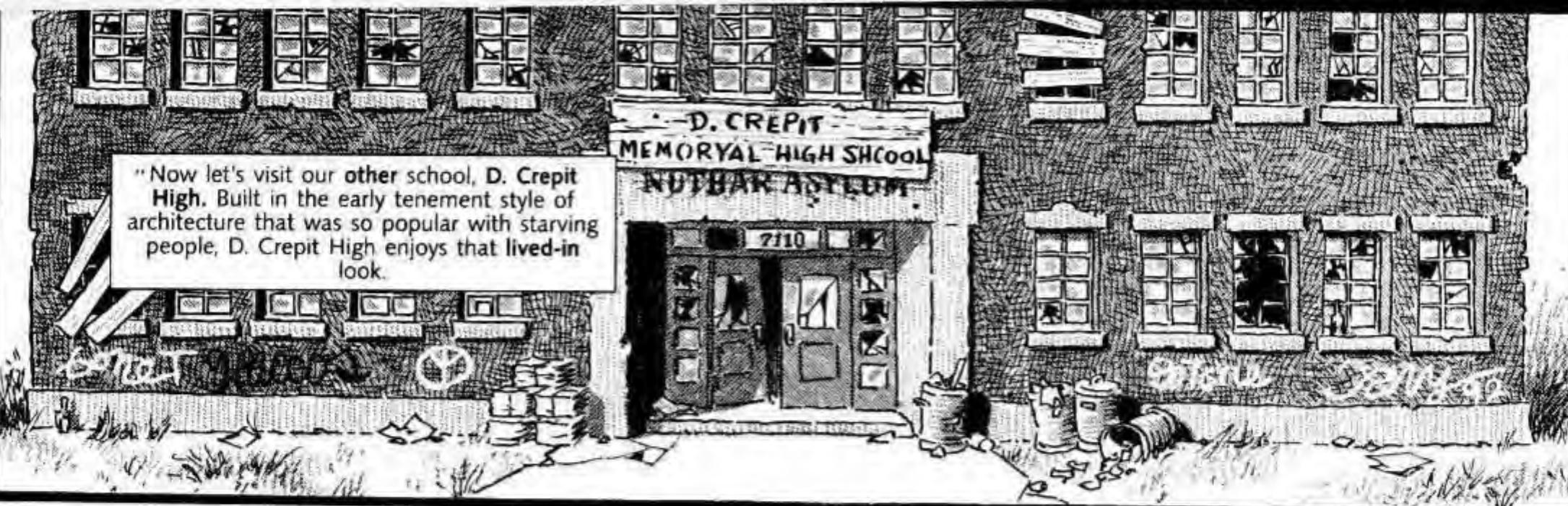


We've been joined by the principal of Pristine High, Rich Ashell. Principal Ashell, your school is certainly a student's dream.

Ah, yes. As you can see, the entire school was built by the finest craftsmen from the most expensive material. Even the trees are made from the finest wood.

The school is beautifully kept up. You must have a fantastic custodian.

What custodian? Anytime anything breaks we just build a new school.





Look at this cafeteria. Even with a severed head I'd eat here. What's your cafeteria like, Principal Grovel?

Mr. Ashell, what are the requirements for teaching at Pristine High?

Teachers need a Masters degree, a Ph.d., a pedigree, a pipe, a tweed jacket and, of course, a goatee. Also, knowing how to read helps.

Our teachers need to supply their own bullet-proof vest and make sure their insurance is paid up.

In Bosnia today, Serb and Muslim forces clashed...

Isn't that Dan Rather?

Yes. He teaches Social Studies here when he's not moonlighting with CBS news.



President Johnson promises.

My God, your textbooks date back to when President Lyndon Johnson was in office?

Lyndon Johnson? Andrew Johnson!

the newly freed slaves will

Our motto is, "The old ways are the best ways." Especially since we can't afford the new ways.

What's the piece of literature your students request the most, Huckleberry Finn? Catcher In The Rye?

Their Miranda Rights.

"You have the right to remain silent..."



Ahh, our pride
and joy. Our
biology lab.

This is terrible!
Why don't you
dissect frogs
instead?

Everyone dissects frogs! Besides,
ever since they raised the price on
lab frogs we found it cheaper just
to take the worst student in class
and dissect him.

Pristine High has replaced biology
classes with vocational classes to help
prepare students for when they leave
school.

So now you teach
auto repair, shop...



We know when
it comes to
extracurricular
activities, both
schools boast
excellent
debate teams.

Tomato!

Tomato!

Tomato!

Tomato!

.22 Caliber!

.357 Magnum!

.22 Caliber!

.357 Magnum!

You're right, the
.357 Magnum is
better.

BAU!

Are we taking this
poor kid to the
school nurse?

We don't have a school nurse.
We have a MASH Unit. Bring
him over to "triage".

So far I haven't been very impressed
with your school, Mr. Grovel.

That's because you haven't seen
our new computer lab.



D. CREDIT MEMORIAL HIGH
MASH UNIT

MASH UNIT

Why aren't they using the computers?

Because our computers "fell off the back of the truck."

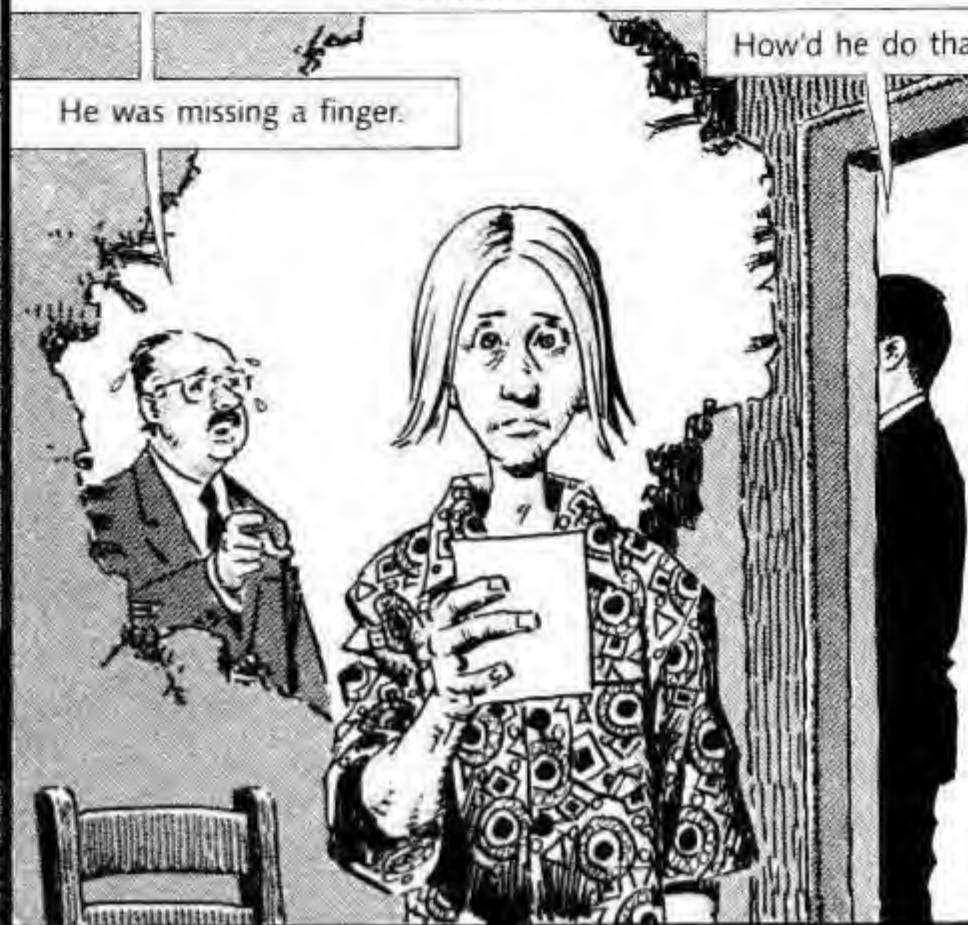
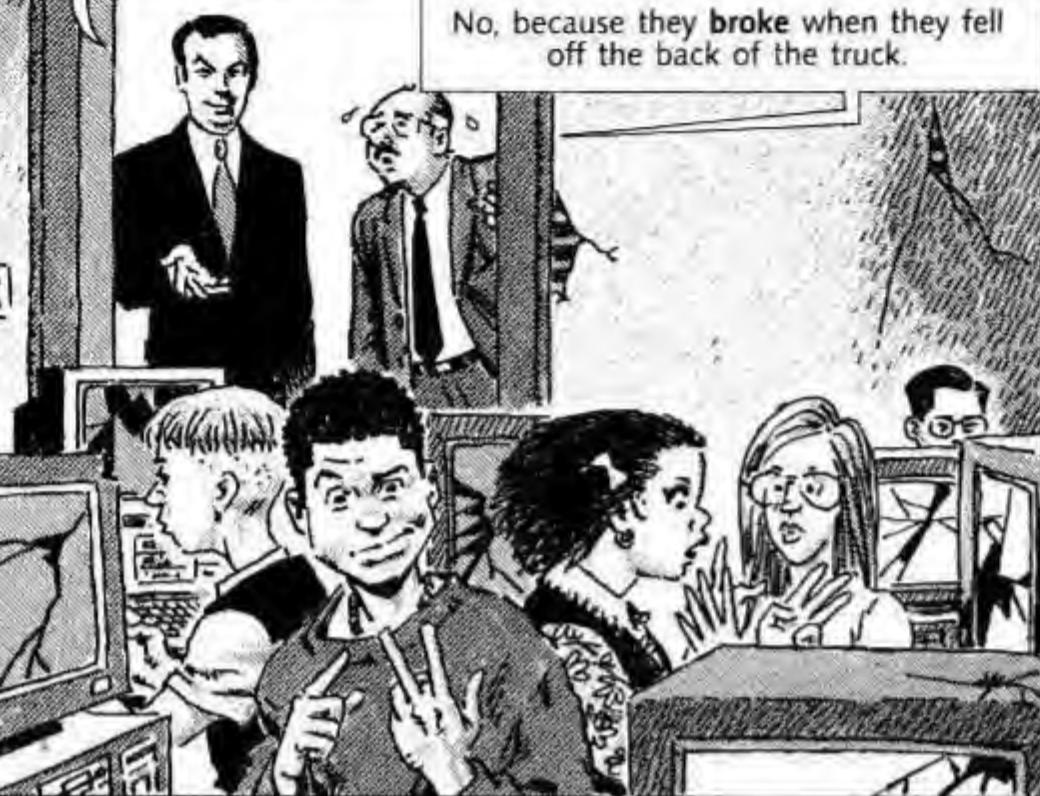
You don't use them because they're stolen?

No, because they broke when they fell off the back of the truck.

But our students are very good at counting on their fingers. In fact, they're so used to it, we had a student fail a math class because of it.

How'd he do that?

He was missing a finger.



Isn't there anything your two schools have in common?

Of course... BASKETBALL!

We just beat the Orlando Magic.

THUNK!

Mr. Ashell, how is your school's basketball team?

We don't have a basketball team...



My client demands a billion dollars a game, opposing players must wear their underwear on their heads, fans must stick chop sticks up their noses...

Anything you want! Just sign the contract!!

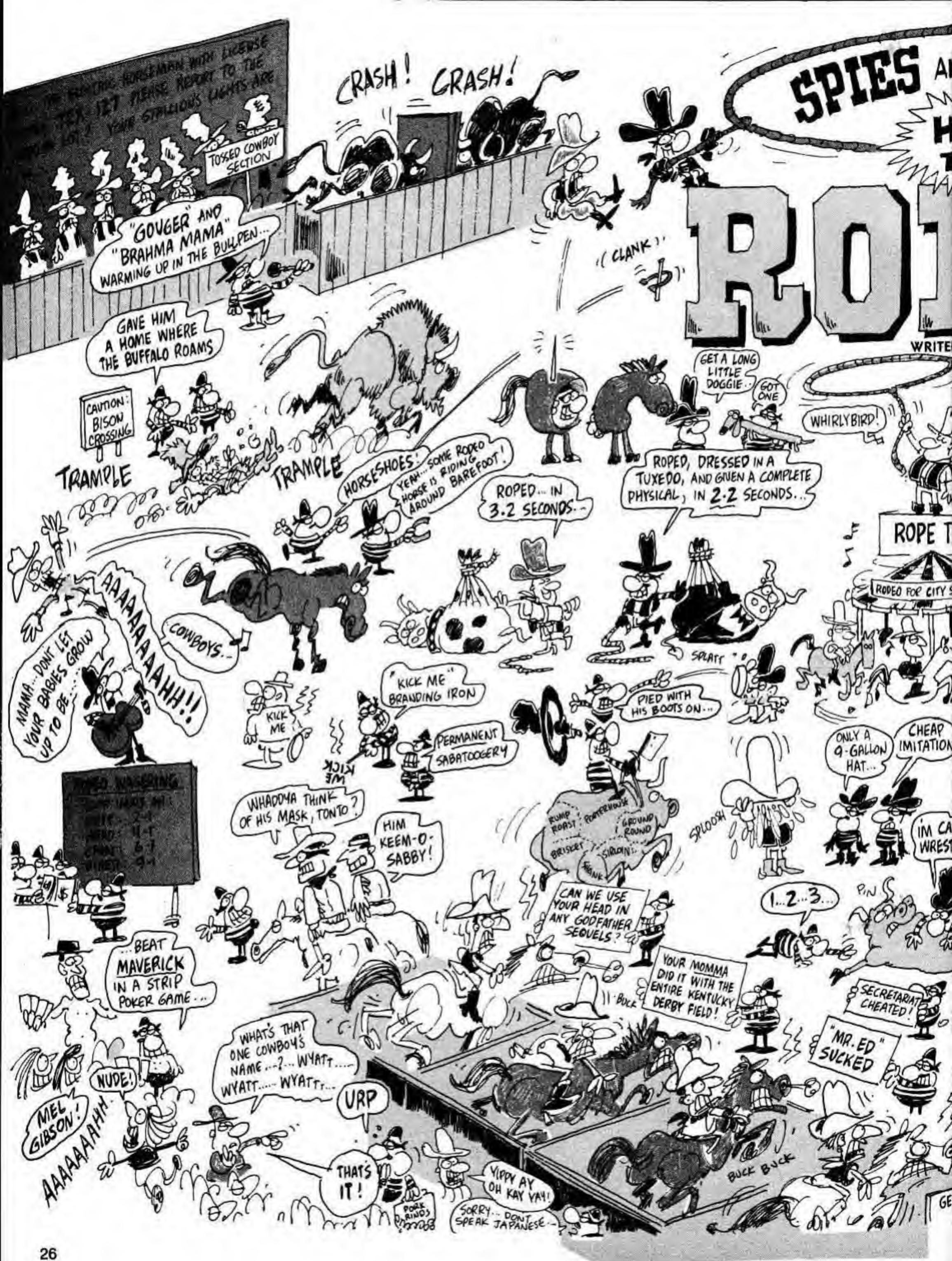
Our students learn to become the agents, team presidents and general managers of the very same basketball teams those other kids want to play for.

Well, there you have it! The one thing that links all people together, whether rich or poor, white or black, Christian or Jew, is GREED! This has been Sam Donaldaughter for Prime Slime Live.



TH'END

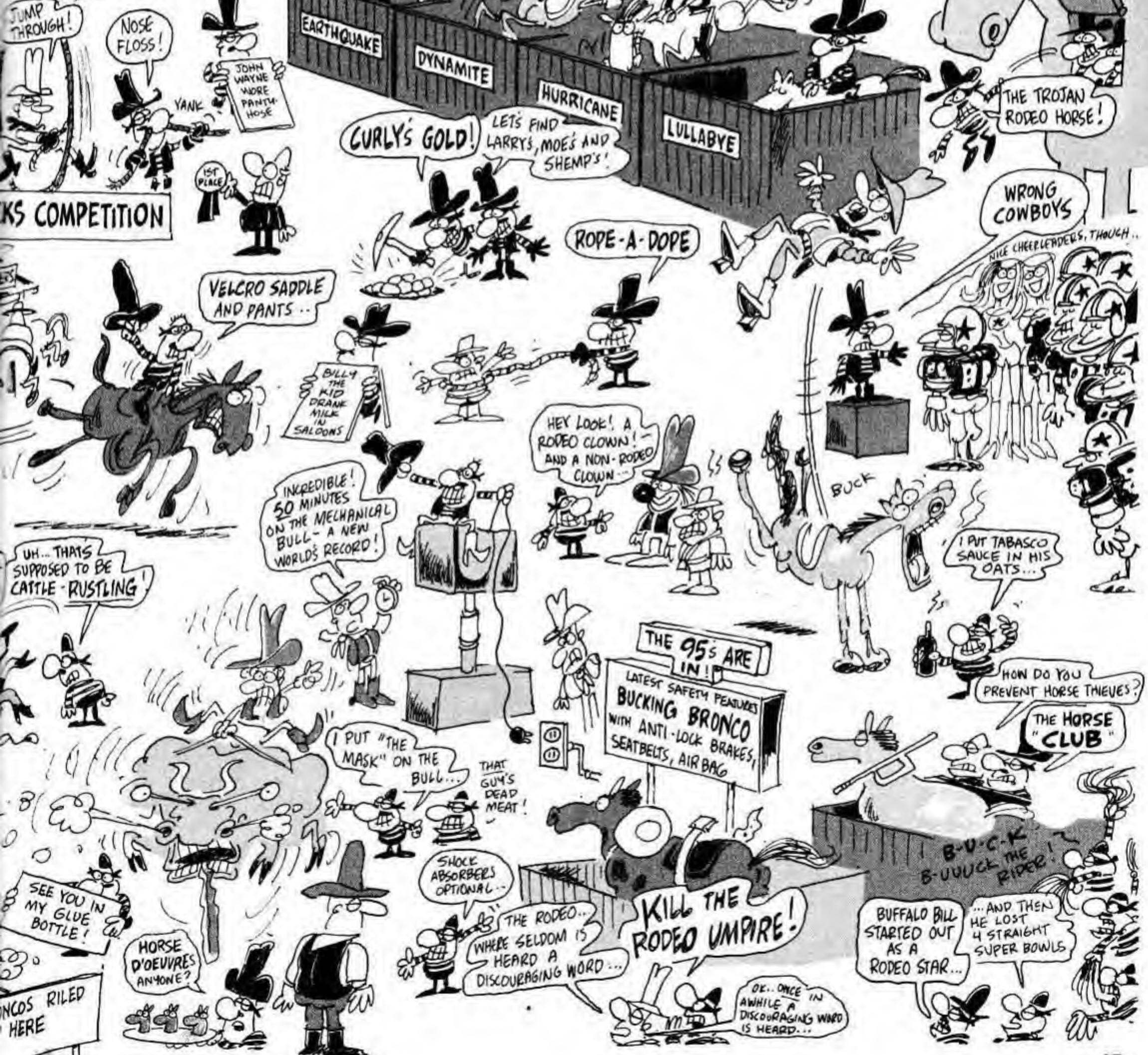




SABOTEURS

IT
ME
UFO

ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO



The action hit of the summer features fantastic explosions, a booby-trapped bus, a free-fall elevator and a runaway subway train. Unfortunately, there are also actors in the movie. The action begins with a group of people trapped in an elevator rigged with a bomb. What can they do? Not much except have a personal accident. They all...

DEFEND

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN

We have **13** people trapped in an elevator, and there's a **bomb** attached to the cable. If we don't pay the terrorist **three million dollars**, he'll **detonate** the bomb and the elevator will fall **39 floors!**

Here's the plan: I'll **hang upside-down** and attach this cable to the **elevator** with **Super-Glue**. When the nutcase detonates the bomb, this will **prevent** the elevator from falling.

When a terrorist has hostages, you **remove** the hostages from the equation. Then he has nothing to bargain with.

How do we remove the hostages?

We can't do that! We're L.A. Police!

Okay, we'll beat them to death.

Maybe we ought to send for Bruce Willis.



You saved the hostages and cost me three million bucks! Go ahead and shoot! I have enough dynamite strapped to me to blow-up this building.

Joke, remember your equation!

Equation? AX
+ BX + HX
+ IX - K = 0.

No, the hostage equation! SHOOT ME!



Good work,
Joke! You'll get
a medal for
this.

Great, he gets a medal for
shooting me, but if he shoots
a crook he gets brought up on
charges for using excessive
force.

BAAM!

WABOOOM!

HA! HA!
HA!

Hi, Joke! It's me!

It can't be! You were
blown-up in the last
panel!

A most excellent explosion!

I was wearing my dynamite-proof vest.

That's crazy!

You wanna hear crazy? I planted a bomb on a bus! If it goes under 50 miles an hour, the bomb will blow. I want four million bucks in 15 minutes or I'll detonate the bomb.

(Puff! Puff!)
Let me on
that bus!

Man, that's
amazing! We're
doing 60 miles an
hour and that dude
is keeping up with
us.

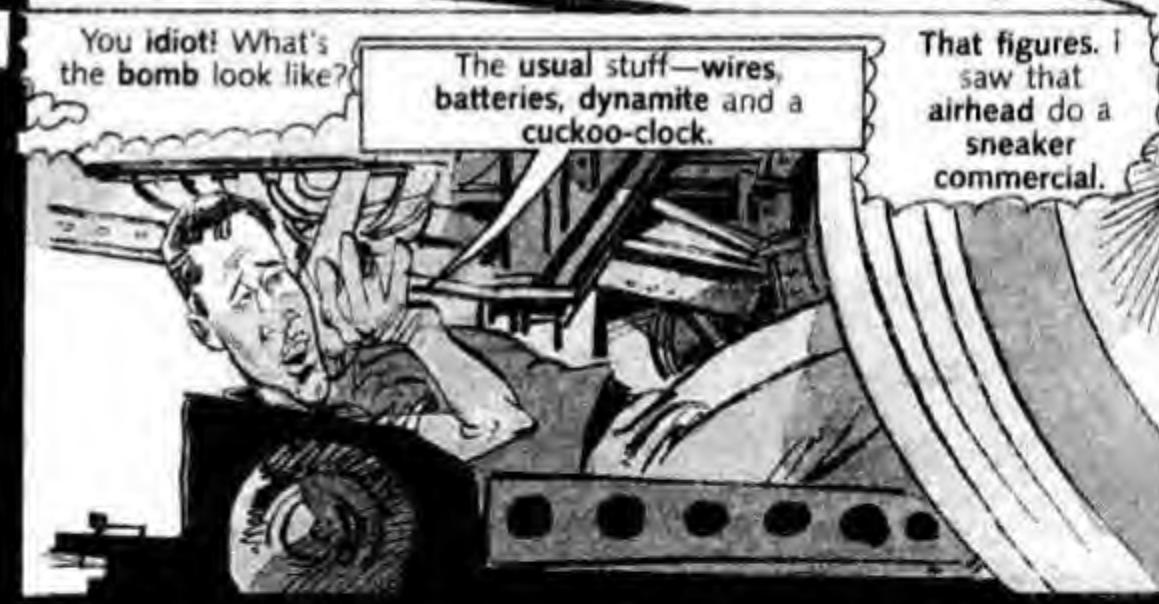
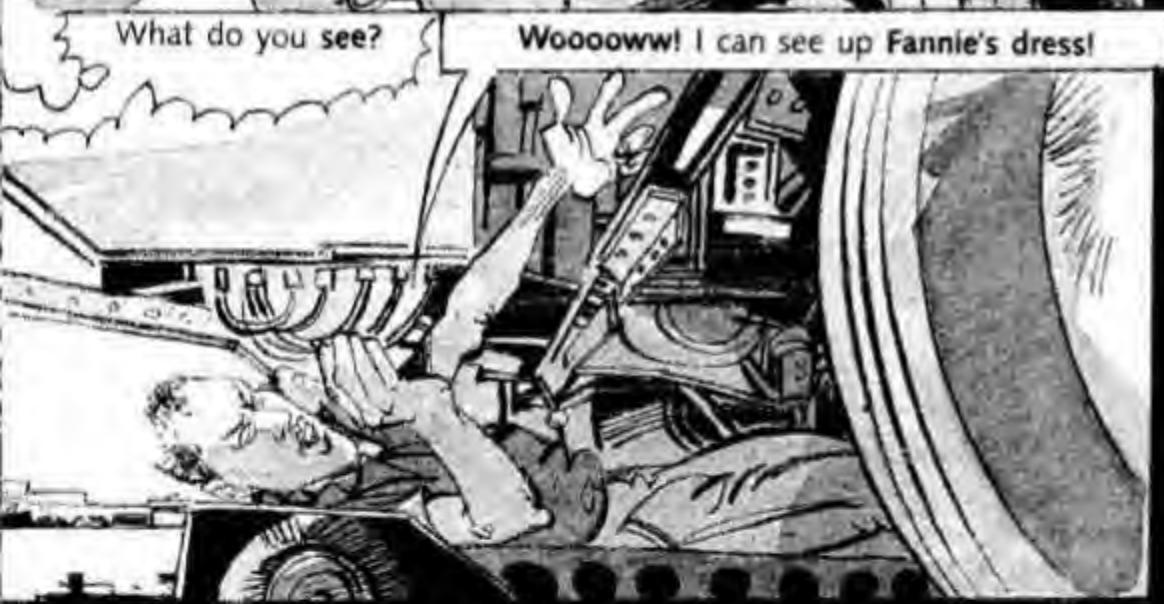
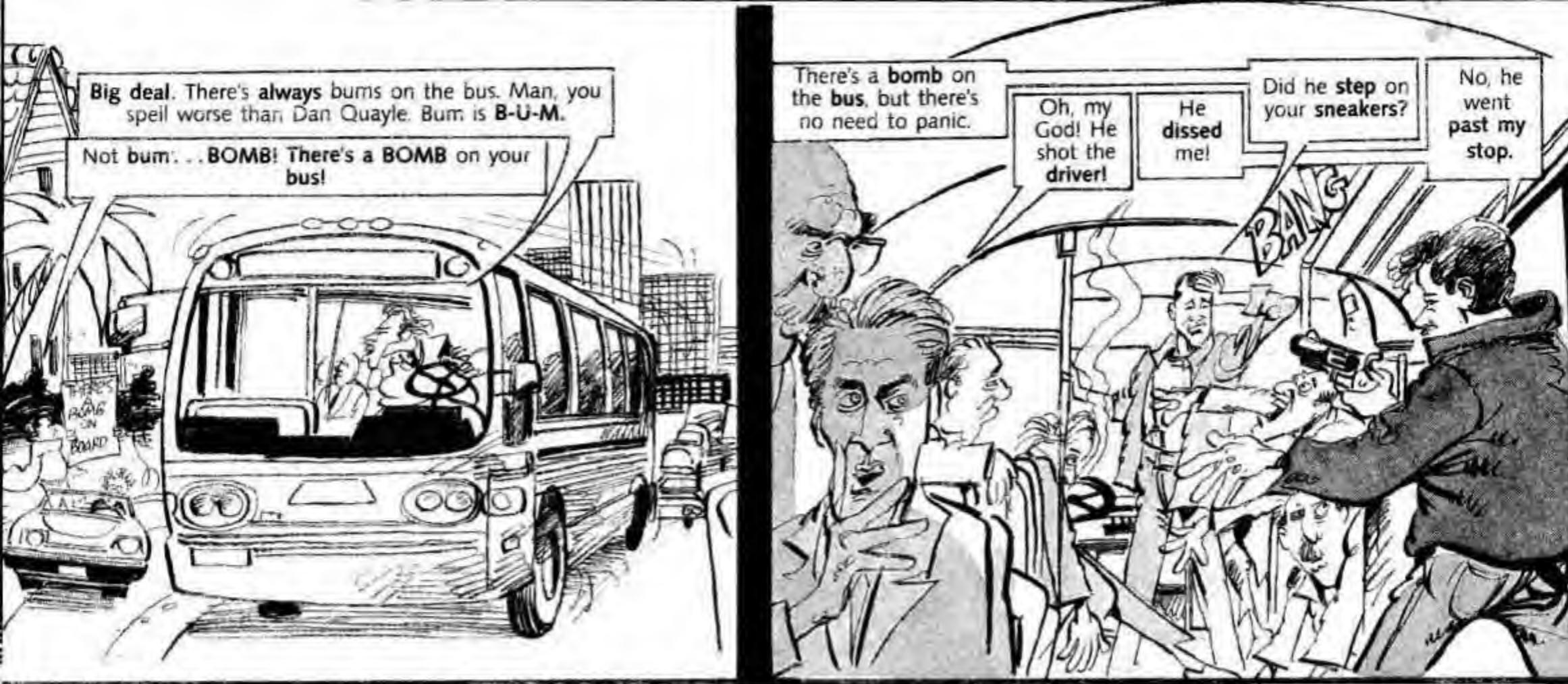
What's even
more amazing is
that a bus is
doing 60 on the
freeway.

Jeez! Couldn't you wait until
I get to a bus stop? The
fare's a buck and a quarter.

The reason we can go
so fast is that they
cleared the road for
O. J. Simpson.

(Puff! Puff!) I
only have a
twenty.

Sorry, man! You gotta have exact
change!



All ten passengers on the bus were saved. Good job, Joke.

Yeah, but the bus blew-up a 747 with 300 people on board.

You win some, you lose some. He still thinks we're on the bus. Let's put the money in the garbage pail like he instructed, and then we'll nab him.

Don't move or we'll blow you away!!

I was just looking for empty soda bottles.

Police brutality! This is an outrage! I'm an attorney, and we're suing the city for 25 million dollars!

BOOOOMMMOO

The bomber already has the money and my girlfriend and he's making his getaway on the subway.

How can you be sure?

We already blew-up a bus and the airport! The subways are the only thing left.

You fare-beaters make me sick! You wanna ride the train, buy a token!

-BLAMM BLAMM

Did you really think you could beat me, Joke? No way, I'm too smart.

You're not so smart. Every city-kid knows when you subway surf, you never stand up.

Man, talk about your Excedrin headaches!

Not to worry, dude! Today, anything can be reattached. Just ask John Wayne Bobbitt.

He shot the engineer and the brake's not working! The sensible thing would be to decrease the speed, but nothing else made any sense, so . . .

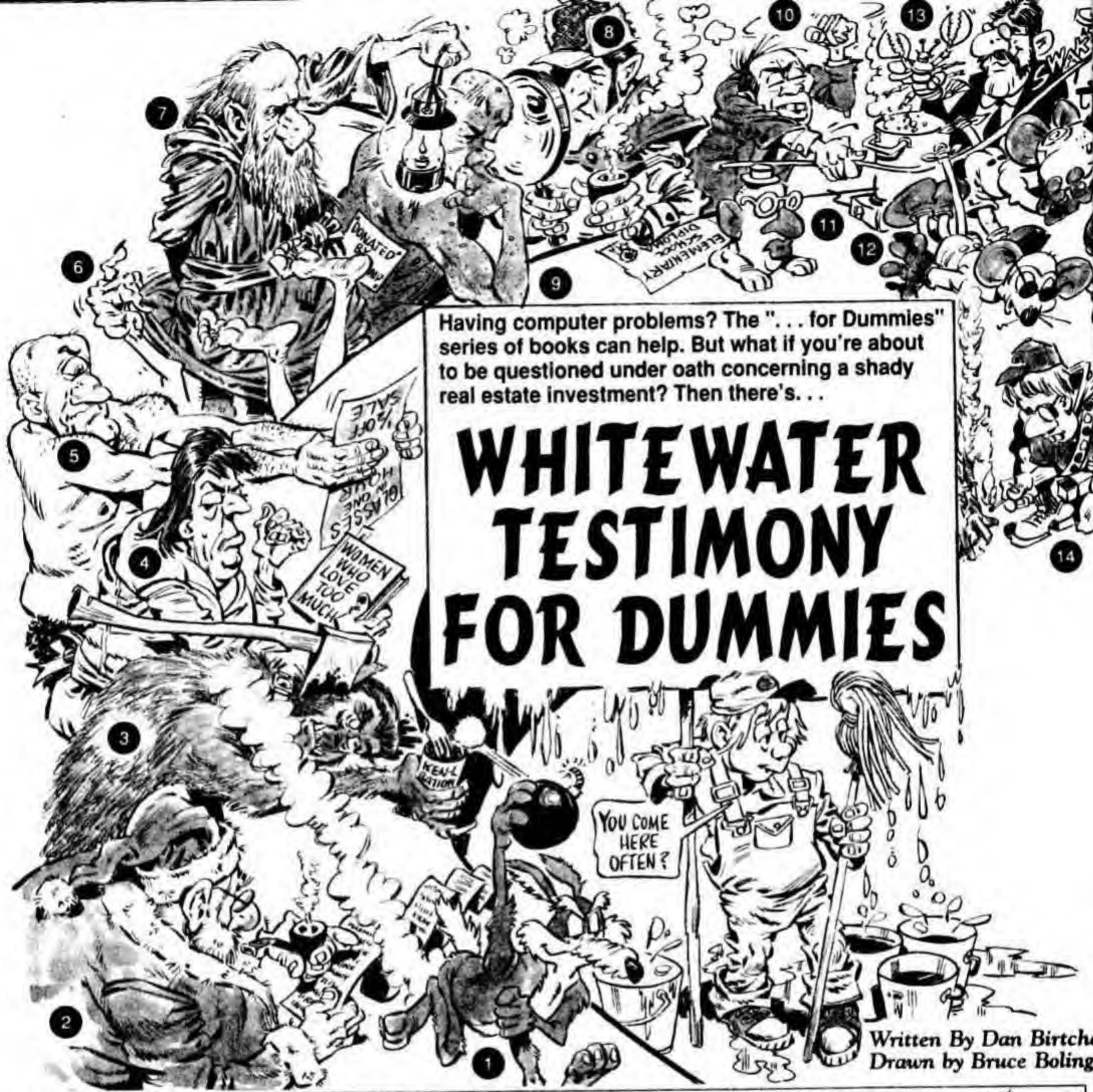
I'll increase the speed.

Man, I'm moving back to New York. Sure we have murders and muggings in the subways, but the trains never fly... HALLPP!

Joke, look at that!

It's no big deal. There's always gridlock in L.A.

It's not just L.A. After what happened here, NOBODY is using public transportation. The whole country is in GRIDLOCK!



Having computer problems? The ". . . for Dummies" series of books can help. But what if you're about to be questioned under oath concerning a shady real estate investment? Then there's . . .

WHITEWATER TESTIMONY FOR DUMMIES

Written By Dan Birtch
Drawn by Bruce Boling

KEY TO "A SPECIAL WHITEWATER INVESTIGATIVE COMMITTEE WE'D LIKE TO SEE!"

1. WILE E. COYOTE: After years of trying to capture the Road Runner, he deserves a shot at trying to run down prey as big and slow as the Clintons!
2. SANTA CLAUS: Good at making lists, checking them twice, knows who's been naughty and nice!
3. THE WOLF MAN: Will determine if a full moon was behind the weird ways of the Clintons.
4. LIZZIE BORDEN: Committee's token Republican
5. CYCLOPS: The one committee member we can be sure won't be blind in both eyes when it comes to criminal conduct!
6. MADONNA: Whatever sins the Clintons are guilty of, she probably committed them first!
7. DIogenes: If there's an honest man in this mess, he'll find him!
8. SHERLOCK HOLMES: Why is he on the panel? Elementary, my dear nitwit!
9. RODIN'S THINKER: Will give Holmes at least one person he can talk to!
10. SINGAPORE'S LEE KUAN YEW: Cane-wielding autocrat will get us some answers — or else!
11. MR. POTATO HEAD: Ability to have eyes in the back of his head — a real plus on this case!
12. THREE BLIND MICE: Committee's token Democrats.
13. ROBERT FULTON: Inventor of steamboat should be able to tell us if Bill and Hillary really are up a creek without a paddle!
14. AVERAGE 4-YEAR-OLD BOY: Sure to ask "Why?" until it's answered!
15. PONCE DE LEON: After mastering the swamps of Florida, the ethical bog of Whitewater should be a breeze!
16. LAMB CHOP: Non-threatening manner might well trick Chelsea into spilling the beans.
17. SPIDERMAN: Who better to untangle the Whitewater web?
18. THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG: Key committee member who will give us that rarest of things — a congressional undertaking which breaks even financially!
19. BILL CLINTON
20. HILLARY CLINTON
21. SOCKS



Question: You never ordered anyone to shred any papers?

Best Answer: No.

Risky Answer: Ollie North took the shredder when he left the White House. We burned them.

Deadly Answer: Could we sort of wrap this up? I have a 3 p.m. interview to conduct in the back seat of a state trooper's car ...



Question: Is it true that you took a \$2 tax deduction for every old pair of underwear you donated to charity?

Best Answer: Of course not. Even poor Arkansas boys like me have **some** sense of taste, dignity, and propriety.

Risky Answer: Yes, but you have to remember that they were made of expensive virgin black leather, which hardly showed any of the whip marks.

Deadly Answer: No, I think it was the toenail clippings that I donated to charity that I took the \$2 deduction for. I took \$500 for each pair of used underwear.

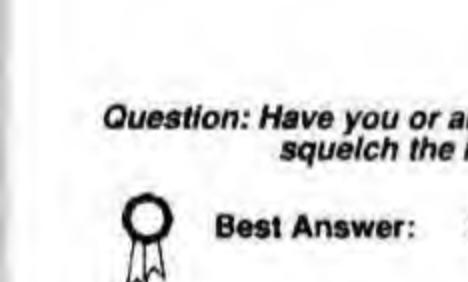


Question: Have you or any of your people tried to squelch the investigation into Whitewater?

Best Answer: Of course not.

Risky Answer: Define "your people", "squelch", "investigation" and "Whitewater".

Deadly Answer: I don't think so — I think it was the investigations into my draft dodging, womanizing, and my stupid eating habits that we squelched.

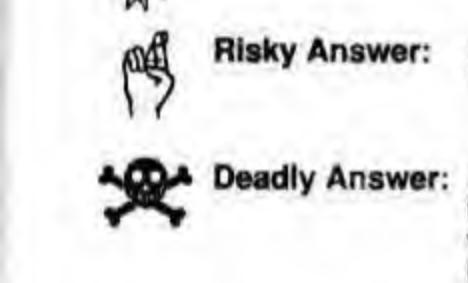


Question: Do you think the fact that Hillary represented Whitewater before various Arkansas agencies while you were governor was ethical or appropriate?

Best Answer: Throughout our careers both Hillary and myself have adhered to the highest ethical standards.

Risky Answer: No kidding — Hillary did that?

Deadly Answer: Whatever Hillary did wrong, she did wrong under the affirmative action program I designed to help women in my state reach those levels of corruption heretofore reserved exclusively for men.

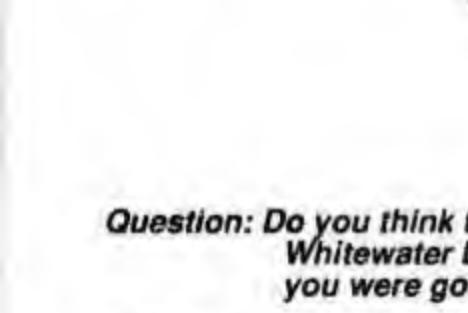


Question: Mr. President — who killed your attorney, Vince Foster?

Best Answer: Sad to say, Mr. Foster killed himself in a fit of depression brought on by overwork.

Risky Answer: You did, sir — you and all the other two-bit jackals in this town who hound good people into the bottle, the padded cell, or the grave.

Deadly Answer: On the advice of council, I refuse to answer.



Question: Will you state your name, please?

Best Answer: William Jefferson Clinton — but you can call me Bill.

Risky Answer: William Jefferson Clinton — but feel free to call me whatever you think is appropriate.

Deadly Answer: You mean my real name or the one I've been using since the Soviets gave it to me as a cover back in '69?

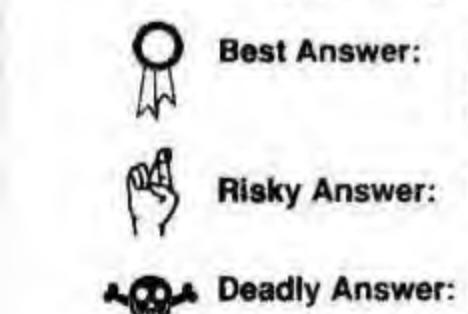


Question: It seems that your Whitewater dealings led to your involvement with some pretty malodorous characters. How were you able to tolerate them for so long?

Best Answer: I'm sure I don't know what characters you mean.

Risky Answer: Well, Senator, how have you tolerated your peers in congress as long as YOU have?

Deadly Answer: I inhaled.



Question: Exactly when and why did you invest in the Whitewater Development Corporation?

Best Answer: It was 1978 — it looked like a good way to turn some underdeveloped land into a place poor, crippled children might get to enjoy between painful hospital stays.

Risky Answer: You'll have to ask Hillary. She's the one who always makes the big decisions in my life.

Deadly Answer: Back during those lousy Carter years when it looked as if inflation was going to reduce all that graft I'd been receiving, I figured I'd better get into real estate.

CLOTHING IDEAS FOR THE 90'S

WRITER: MIKE MIKULA — ARTIST: DON OREHEK

N.F.L. PROPERTIES BODY ARMOR



L.A. RAIDERS JACKET WITH UZI HOLSTER

PING CONCUSSION RESISTANT BALL CAP



30" TV SIZED DUFFEL BAG

POLITICALLY CORRECT POWER SUIT



THE RUBENSTEIN & HELLER SEXUAL HARASSMENT SUIT



THE STATIC ELECTRICITY ANTI-SEXUAL HARASSMENT SUIT



"THE PATCH" UNDERWEAR



THE BIG BOOK OF CRACKED BIRTHDAY IDEAS!

LENORE SKENAZY
GARY FIELDS

What child hasn't dreamt of blowing up the world...or at least the neighborhood? Your birthday boy or girl will have a blast when you (carefully!) assemble a

FUN WITH FISSION FIESTA!

YOU'LL NEED:

- *1 atom per guest
- *Nuclear particle accelerator (family size)
- *Earplugs
- *Goggles
- *Parental waivers
- *Insurance

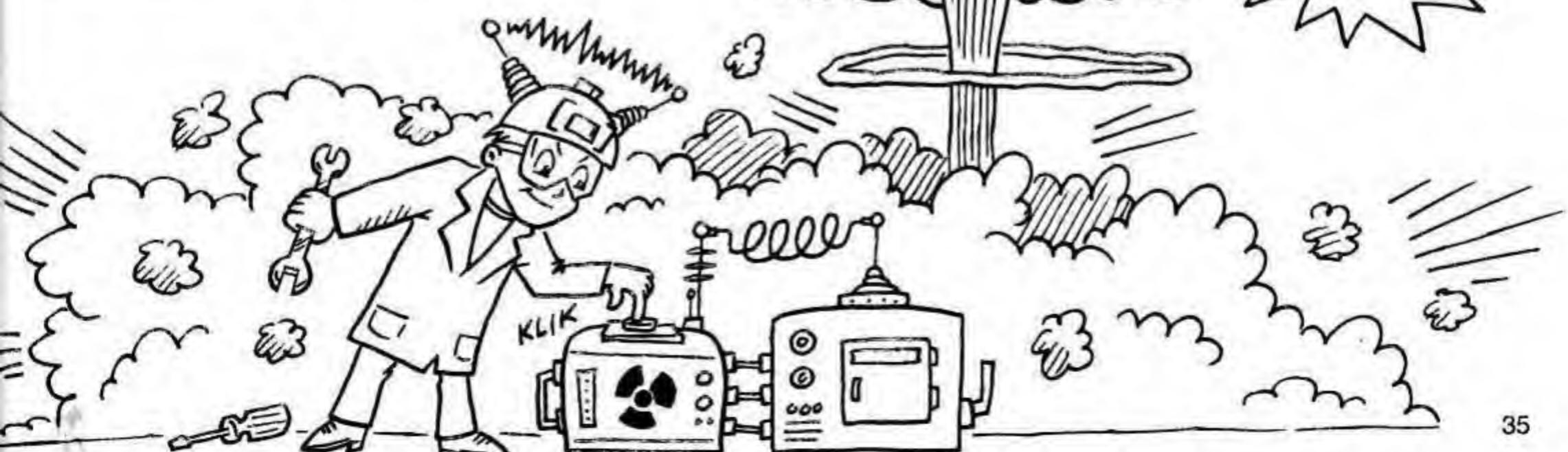
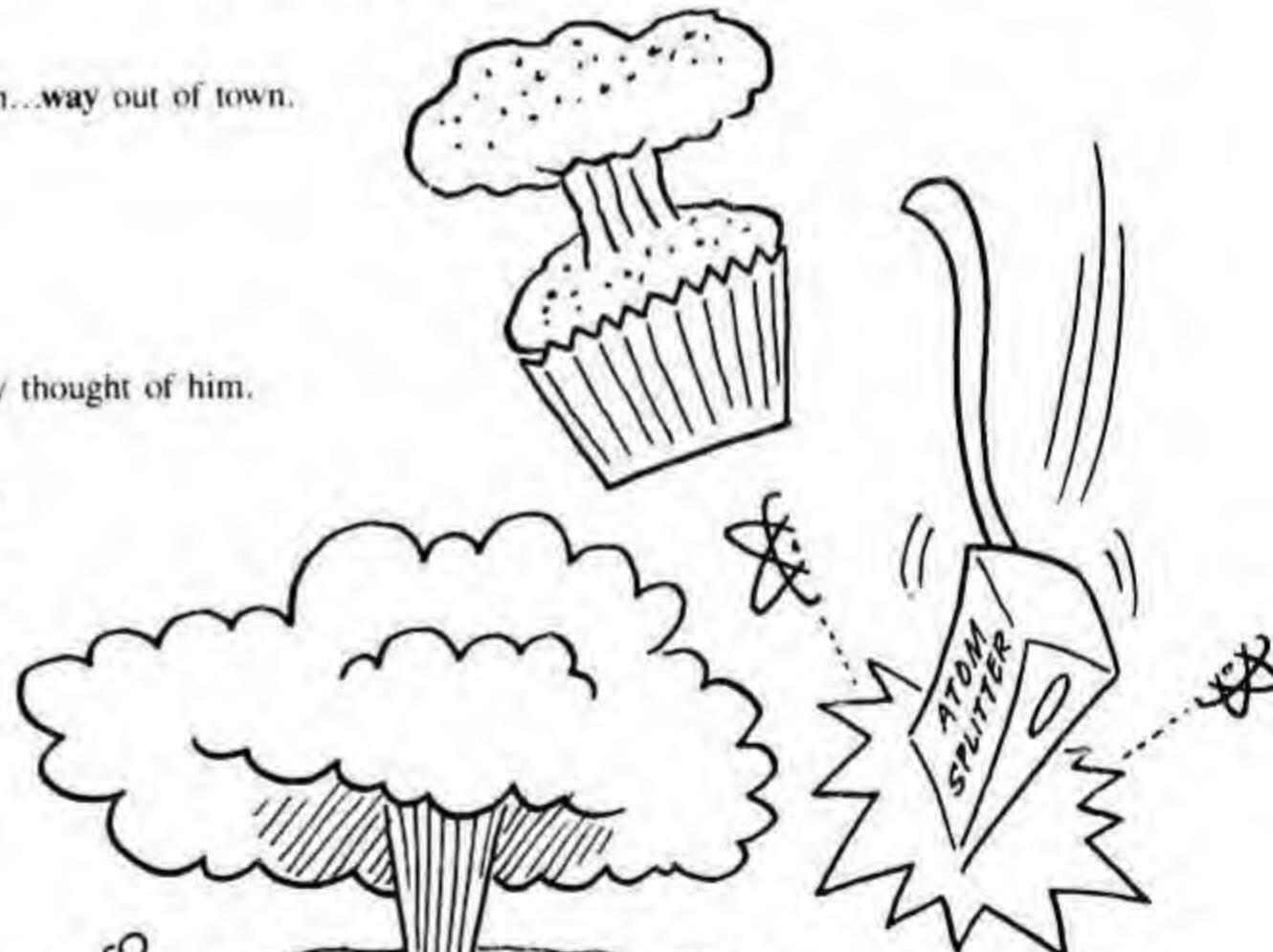
GAME PLAN

The week before the party:

- *Send out invitations and waivers.
- *Ship your pets and prized personal possessions out of town...way out of town.
- The night before the party:
 - *Make sure to tell your children you love them.
 - *Read them a special bedtime story.
- The morning of the party:
 - *Decorate mushroom-cloud shaped cupcakes.
 - *Deep-freeze atoms at -328 degrees Kelvin.
 - *Test accelerator batteries.
 - *Leave your shrink a phone message saying what you really thought of him.

PARTY TIME!

- *Give each child his or her own atom. For added fun, use a variety—hydrogen, nitrogen, etc.
- *Have the children take turns trying to split their atoms by dropping them into the accelerator with a splash of ammonia. (No ammonia? Use Crystal Pepsi!)
- *Play faster and faster songs on the phonograph as the accelerator picks up speed! Soon you'll be having a "smashing" time!
- *GRAND PRIZE: Winner gets a halo.
- *CONSOLATION PRIZE: So do the losers.

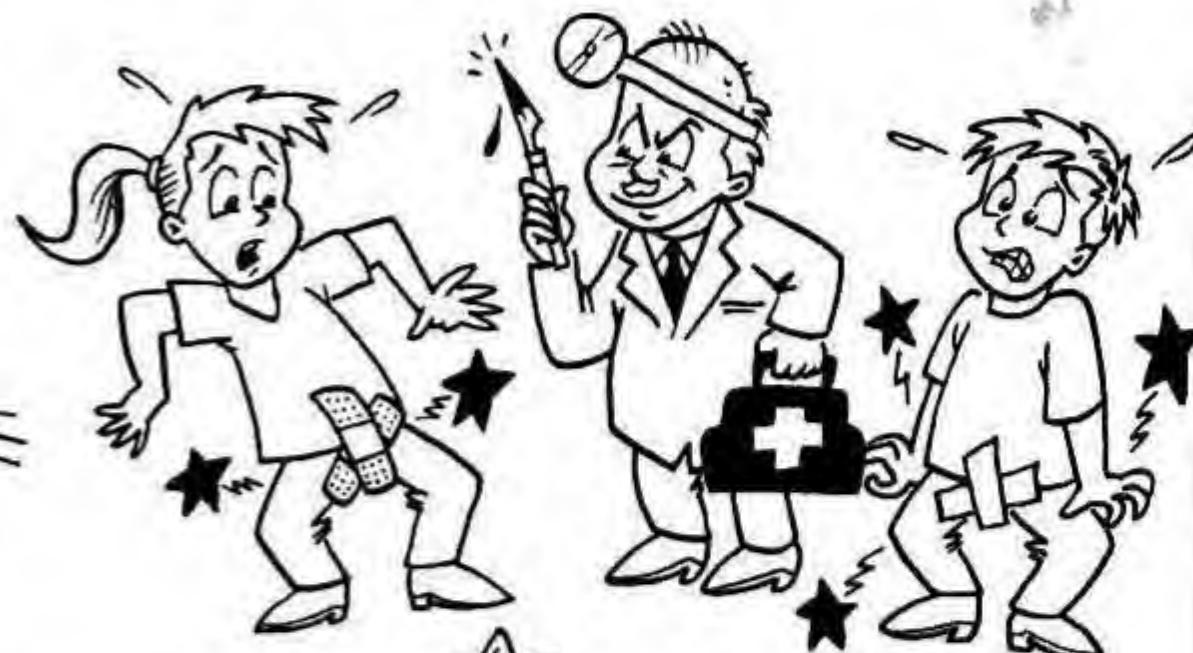


Most children love pets. This year, why not let your little ones enjoy the magic of being a feral animal by throwing a

CAT-FOR-A-DAY SPECTACULAR!

YOU'LL NEED:

- *1 can of beef liver for each child
- *Sandpaper
- *Sandbox
- *Box of tacks
- *Ball of string
- *Catnip toys
- *2 dozen live mice



GAME PLAN

The week before the party:

- *Have your birthday boy or girl spayed.

The night before the party:

- *Cover your furniture with plastic. Remove rugs, drapes.

The morning of the party:

- *Bake catnip cake.



PARTY TIME!

When the children arrive, explain to them that they are no longer humans but **cats!** Give them each a piece of sandpaper which they can tape to their tongues to "lick" each other. Each child gets a set of tacks with which to claw each other and the furniture.

GAMES:

- *Hide & Go Kill: Child who catches and eats the most mice wins a catnip toy.
- *String-A-Ling: Have kids toss the ball of string until they get bored and start licking themselves.
- *Litter-atti: Lock the bathroom door and instruct children to try the sandbox instead. They may never go back to the "old" way again!

DOOR PRIZES: Send each child home with a ball made of their own hair.



Cowboys and Indians? That's been done. Cops and robbers? Puh-lease! Today's kids have a global consciousness. They demand nothing less than an all-out **ARAB/ISRAELI EXTRAVAGANZA!**

YOU'LL NEED:

- *One grenade per child
- *Koran
- *Bible
- *Ethnic headgear
- *Priceless archaeological artifacts



GAME PLAN:

The week before the party:

- *Begin peace talks between the children.

The night before the party:

- *Invite the kids to a historic treaty signing.

*Have your son or daughter shake hands with the child s/he hates most.

*Videotape this.

*Decorate room with precious archaeological artifacts borrowed from the local museum.

*Mix a punch bowl of "Kiddie/Molotov Cocktails" (fruit juice, ginger ale, lighter fluid)

*Invite media coverage.

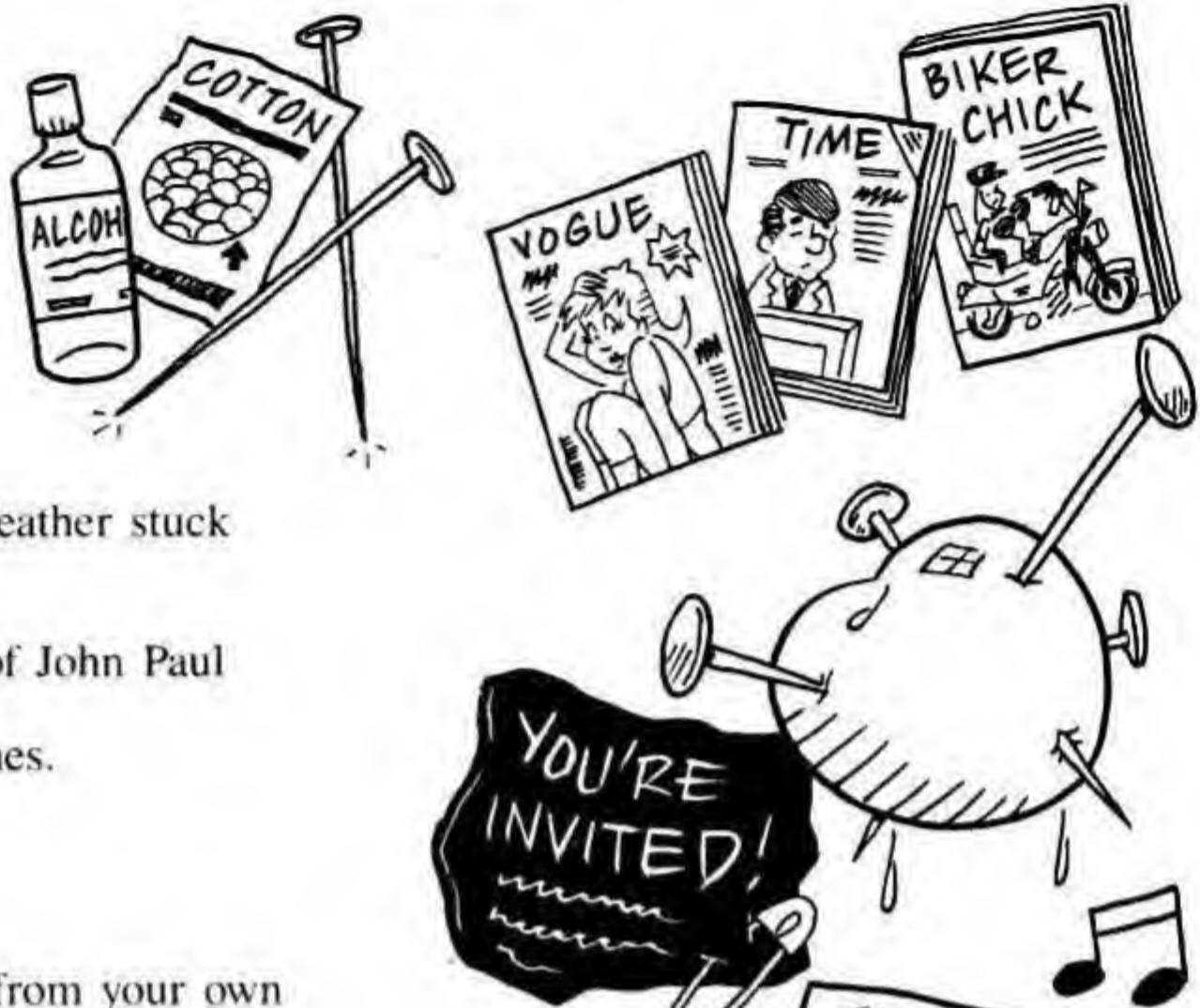


It's hip! It's fab! It's rebellious yet trendy. Your pre-teens will love their very first

BODY PIERCING BALL!

YOU'LL NEED:

- *Several long, sharp needles
- *Alcohol swabs
- *Smelling salts
- *Copies of Vogue, Time and Biker Chick
- *Assorted earrings, nose-rings, etc.



GAME PLAN:

The week before the party:

- *Send out invitations on swatches of black leather stuck with safety pins.

The night before the party:

- *Decorate rec room with magazine photos of John Paul Gaultier models.

*Practice piercing fleshy fruits, like nectarines.

The morning of the party:

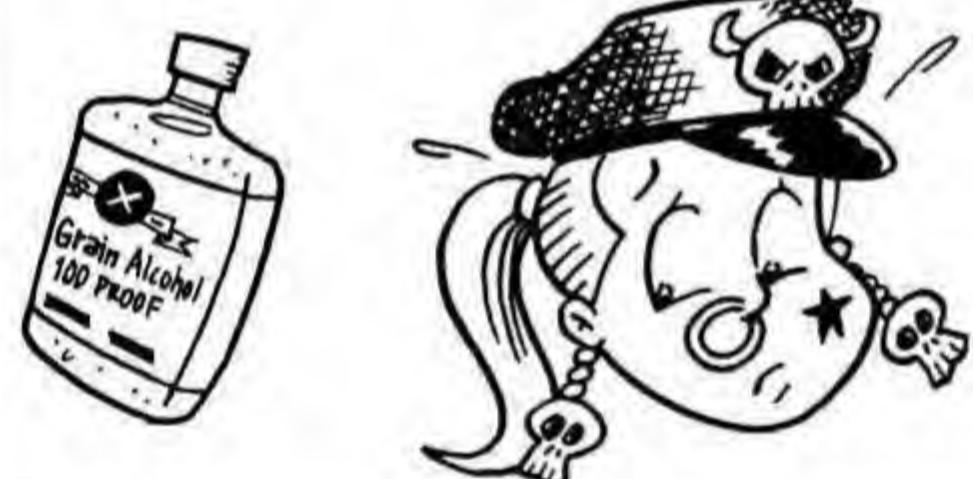
- *Get really drunk.

PARTY TIME!

*Get out the vinyl! Play psychedelic music from your own misspent youth.

*As each child arrives, ask them to point out which part(s) of their body they would like to be able to wear jewelry through. (NOTE: Some children may prefer a colorful, permanent tattoo. Have some ready just in case.)

*Serve milk and cookies afterward, to calm the children down.



PARTY TIME!

As children arrive, assign each of them to the Arab or Israeli team. Israelis get skull caps. Arabs get kaffiyehs.

GAMES:

"It is God's Will"—Hand the "Arabs" a Koran and the "Israelis" an Old Testament. First team to find five references to their exclusive rights to Bethlehem wins!

*Play again, substituting the cities Jerusalem, Hebron, Jericho, Jaffa, and the Sinai Desert.

*Get out those grenades—it's time to play Bombardment! Try to keep the kids from smashing the antiquities. Try to keep the media from taking sides! Try to keep out of the line of fire!

*Resume peace talks the next day.



In these politically correct times, it just doesn't make sense to throw a Ninja Turtle party for boys, or a My Little Pony party for girls. Why not get both sexes together for an enlightening

GENDER EXPLORATION GALA!

WHAT YOU'LL NEED:

- *High-heels
- *Panty-hose
- *Clip-on ties
- *Boy Scout scarves, caps, canteens, etc.
- *Girl Scout sashes, gloves, berets, etc.
- **"Hi, My Name Is _____"tags
- *Barbie



GAME PLAN:

The week before the party:

- *Send out invites: blue for girls, pink for boys.

The night before the party:

- *Decorate the basement with pictures of RuPaul, Boy George, k.d. lang, etc.

The morning of the party:

- *Mom and dad—switch outfits!

- *Dad, bake a cake.

- *Mom, fix the faucet.



PARTY TIME!

- *Have each child pull an item of clothing from the "Opposite Sex Grab Bag."

- *Give them a name tag and have them fantasize a new identity: "Liza," "Marilyn," "Brad"...

- *Sit children in a circle, let each briefly discuss how their new look "excites", "empowers" or "inhibits" them.

- **"Spin the Message-Laden Gender Icon!" Have kids spin a Barbie Doll. Whoever it points to must lip-synch a Whitney Houston song.



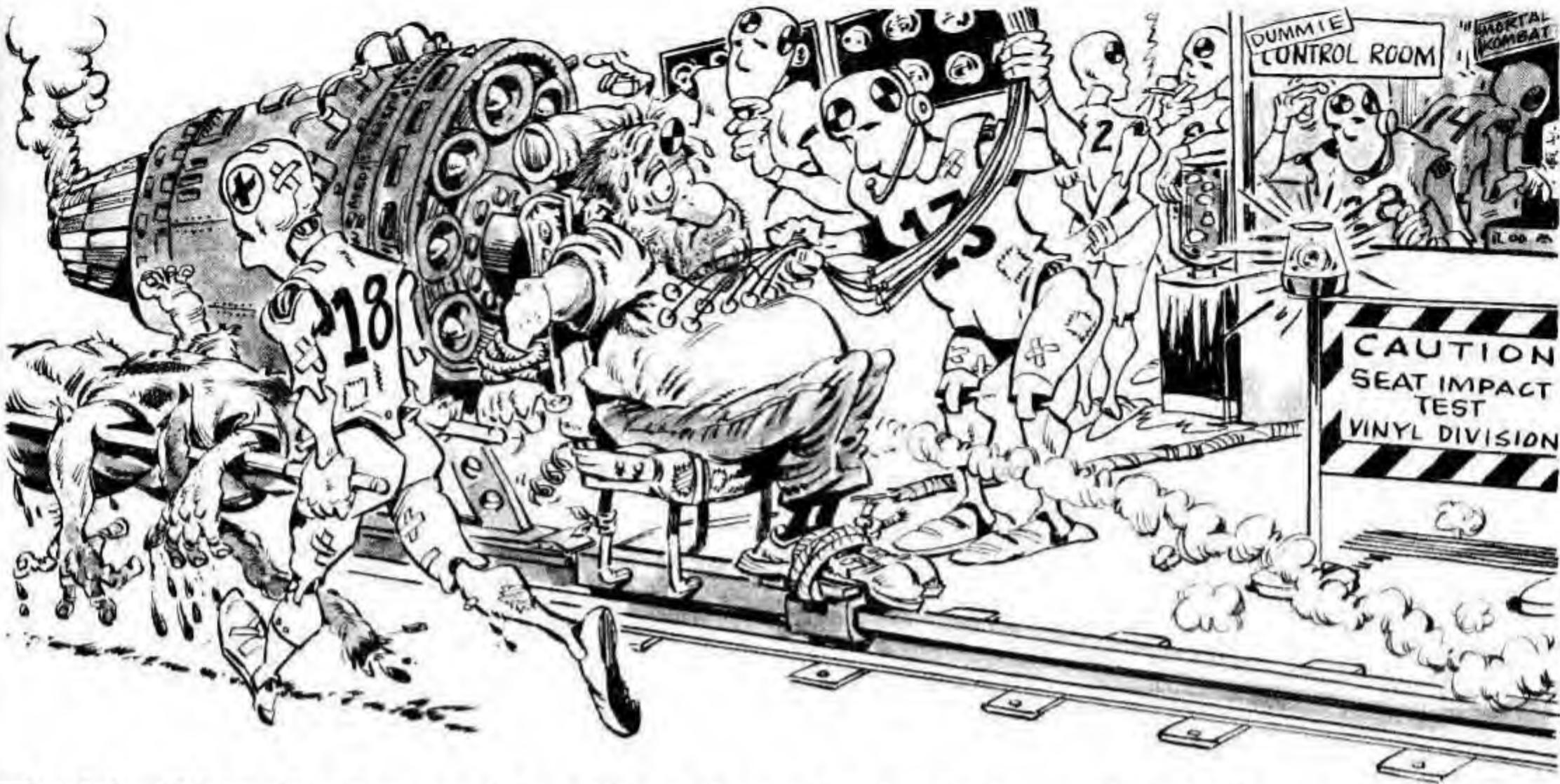
REFRESHMENTS:

- *Have children deconstruct a stereotypical middle-class gingerbread house and reveal its true interior.

DOOR PRIZES:

- *Everyone is allowed to keep their new clothing, and encouraged to wear it to Scout meetings.





The big thing they're pushing these days in the automotive industry are safety features. To keep us safer (and themselves richer) those same swarthy old hogs in Detroit are feverishly coming up with:

NEW AUTOMOBILE SAFETY ACCESSORIES FOR **'95**

Written by Leadfoot Danny DeBruin

Drawn by Bruce 'Move the bald ones to the front' Bolinger

INFLATABLE SEX-DOLL AIRBAG



Old fashioned airbags are safe and effective, but they're boring!



Accidents can be a pleasure with the all-new Inflatable Sex-Doll Airbag! Available in blonde or redhead model!

THE ANTI-CAR-PHONE BLABBER



Hundreds of traffic accidents each year are caused by drivers yammering on their car-phones. This year, car-phones will be outfitted with a special high-tech device. Each time you see someone gabbing, press a button on your dash...

...and their conversation will be cut off and replaced by your choice of either: **A:** The painful, senile ramblings of Andy Rooney; **B:** The amplified shrieks of a pig being thrown down a flight of stairs; or **C:** The amplified shrieks of Andy Rooney being thrown down a flight of stairs.

AIR JORDAN TIRES



With Air Jordan Tires you can work your way through traffic like Michael used to work his way across the court. Weave, dodge, spin, dive and fake-out the other drivers like they were standing still! Air Jordan Tires are only a few dollars cheaper than a brand new car. but they're worth it!



Cardboard chassis: in case of crash, car dissolves, leaving no jagged pieces.



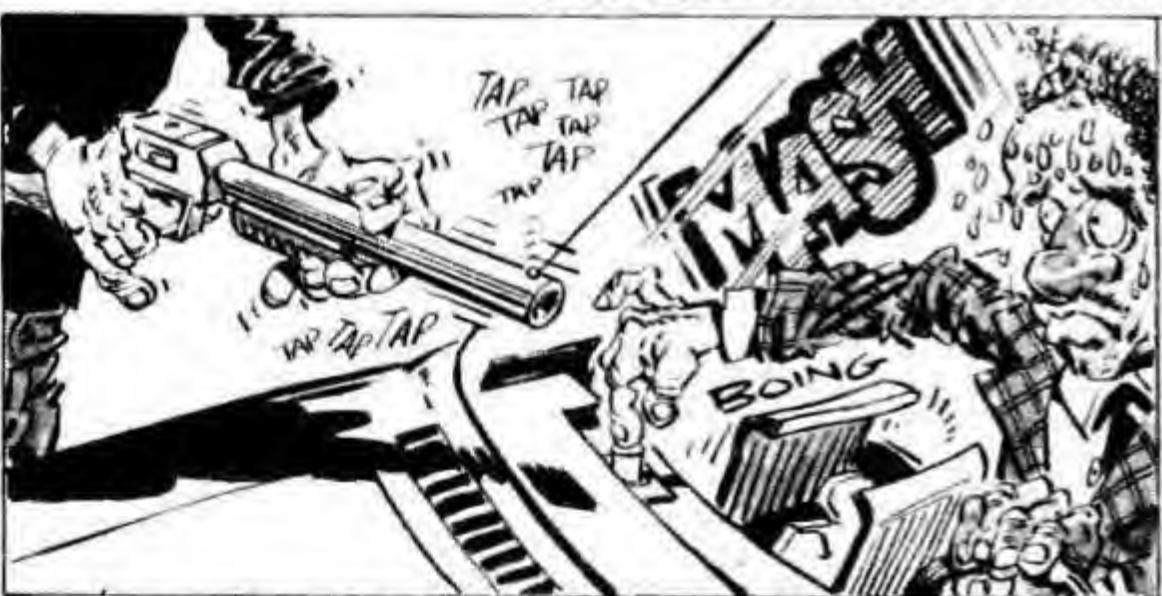
Tinted windows: allows no one to see in or see out, therefore cutting down on distractions.

APPROVED BY PINK FLOYD

Gun ports: for annoying park-right-of-way dis-

Roadkill bumper collector: cushions car upon impact.

THE DAPPER DON CARJACKER STOPPER



40 You're at a red light. A suspicious guy comes your way. Whaddaya do? Well, with the flick of a switch, the Dapper Don Carjacker Stopper pops out of your passenger seat.

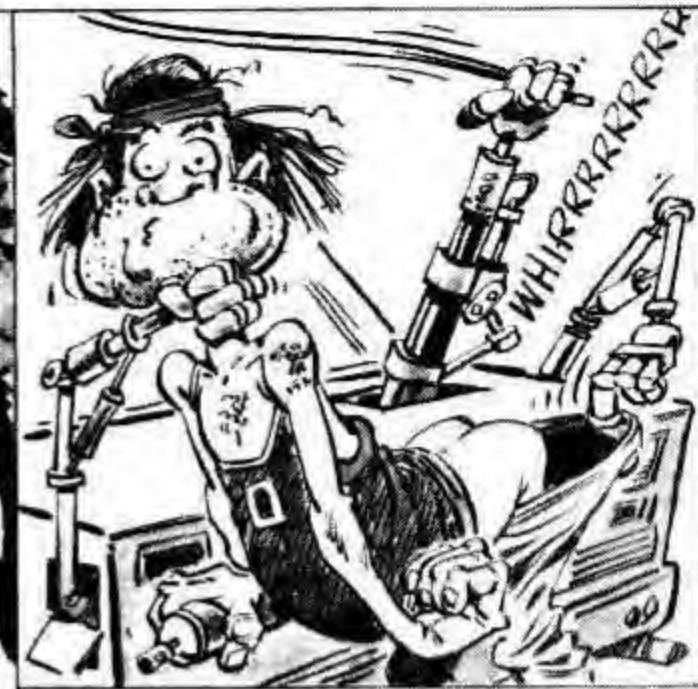


What fool would carjack a car belonging to John Gotti's pal? Not me. No, siree. No way.

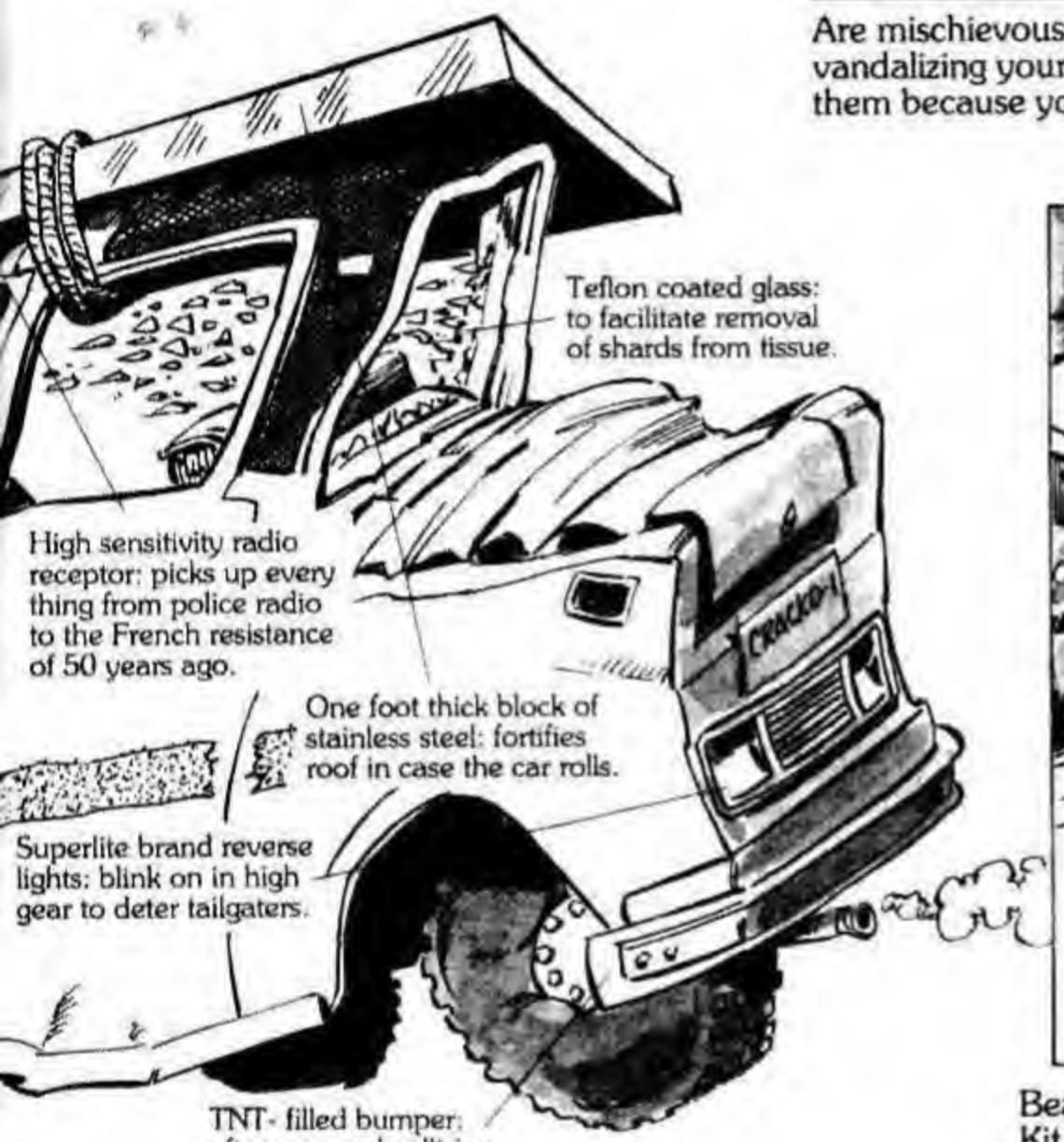
THE MICHAEL FAY AUTO-CANING MACHINE



Millions get hurt or killed while trying to thwart car thieves. We say let 'em take the damn cars! It's not worth getting hurt over. And don't worry, we'll make more cars.

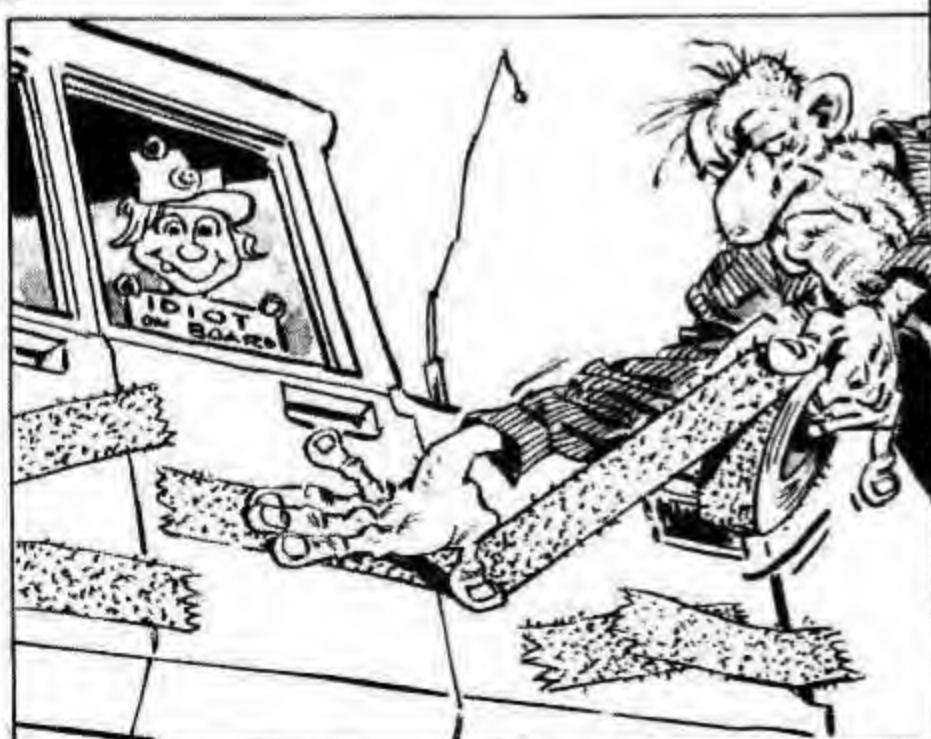


Give car vandals a good caning with the new motion-sensor activated "Michael Fay Auto-Caning Machine". Our motto: "It'll smack their crack/ 'Til it's blue and black/ Or ya get your money back".



Beat those traffic jam blahs with your handy Kevorkian Traffic-Jam Kit. Simply plug the enclosed tubing onto your exhaust pipe, run the tube into your car, roll up the window and die.

THIEF TAPE



Tired of worrying about parking in a questionable neighborhood? Just apply thief tape to your car!



The mega-powerful adhesive makes any criminal stick to your car!

School sucks. So your pals here at Cracked have come up with a few devious things to help you slack off, offend others and make damn sure no learning goes on. So arm yourselves, our twisted little minions, and hobble forth as our soldiers of mayhem, with these...

CLASSROOM TURMOIL ACCESSORIES

WRITER: GREG GRABIANSKI ARTIST: TODD JAMES

PREWRITTEN NOTE TO TEACHERS! SIMPLY FILL IN YOUR NAME! HEH-HEH! DUMB TEACHERS!

Please excuse _____ for being absent yesterday. He just contracted that new disease that eats away at your flesh. Unfortunately, he caught it from me. I'm sorry. My arm just fell off! Right now I'm writing with my left arm. Sorry again. My other arm fell off. I took off my pants, had my husband stick the pen in my butt, and am now crocheting over the paper writing by wiggling my butt.

Mrs. _____

INSTANT "A's"! NEXT TIME YOU GET YOUR REPORT CARD, CUT THESE BABIES OUT AND PASTE 'EM OVER YOUR REAL GRADES BEFORE YOU SHOW YOUR PARENTS!!

A A A A A A A A A A

F F F F F F F F F F

(in case you're doin' well, but want to appear like a cool rebel)

PREFAB SPITBALLS!! CUT OUT, CRUMBLE, SALIVATE UPON, CRAM IN A STRAW AND BLOW, MAN, BLOW!!

Reserved for your teacher.

Reserved for teacher's pet.

Reserved for some stuck-up chick.

Reserved for yourself in case you're caught. Don't let 'em take you alive!



FAKE HALL PASS!! CHOP OUT, FILL OUT AND GET OUT! FREEDOM! AH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
FREEEEEEDOM!!!

OFFICIAL HALL-PASS

DATE: _____

BY STRICT ORDER OF THE PRINCIPAL, THIS STUDENT IS ALLOWED TO RUN, LEAP,
BACKFLIP, TALK, AND SPASTICALLY FIRE HANDGUNS IN THE HALLWAY. HE/SHE
MAY ALSO BLAST MUSIC, EAT, SKATEBOARD, OR LICK YOUR NOSE IF HE/SHE WANTS
TO.

HINDERING OR QUESTIONING THIS STUDENT WILL RESULT IN YOUR IMMEDIATE
SUSPENSION OR DISMISSAL!



MEMO TO: ALL STUDENTS AND FACULTY
FROM: THE PRINCIPAL

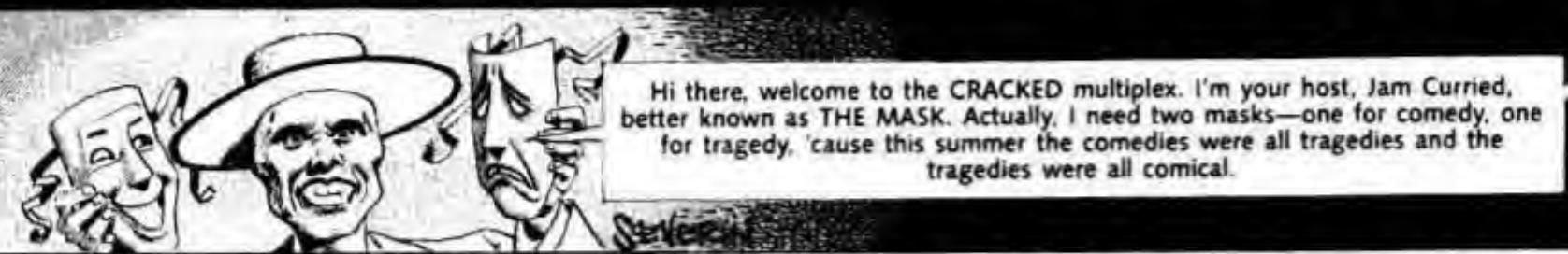
This Thursday, September 22nd, all students and faculty will be required to come to school with a slice of baloney taped to the back of their necks. This will be in celebration of a new school holiday I have declared "Processed Meat Day", in honor of my favorite meat: baloney. Yum.

After school, everyone will "meat" in front of the school to dance wildly as I stand on the rooftop, naked, flinging slices of baloney down on you.

Thank you,
The Principal



THE MASK GOES TO THE CINEPLEX



Our first flick is a howl...WHHHHOOOO!!

WOOF!



Sorry, little girl. Your best friends in the world were **brutally murdered**. Their bodies were horribly mutilated and desecrated. It was disgusting. They must have suffered incredibly. Ecch!



With the help of **supernatural forces** beyond human understanding, my restless body has risen from the dead to fulfill a mission which I will undertake with grim, single-minded determination. I'll put on this **make-up** and spend my few days back here on earth...



Hmm. Made only **85 cents**. What can I do now? I've been dead for a year, so I should catch up on my **soap operas**. Or I can find the guys that killed me and my girlfriend and avenge our deaths. Or I can get me a pint of Haagen Daaz ice cream. I miss having ice cream. Yum.

It is said that chickens carry the souls of the dead between earth and the netherworld. But sometimes...just sometimes...they cluck things up.



making spare change as a street mime.

He sucks



How did Brandon Lee die while making this film? Did he get **shot** by accident? Did he fall off a rooftop?

No. He caught pneumonia from having to stand in the rain throughout the entire movie



Do you remember me? Huh? Do you?

No! No!

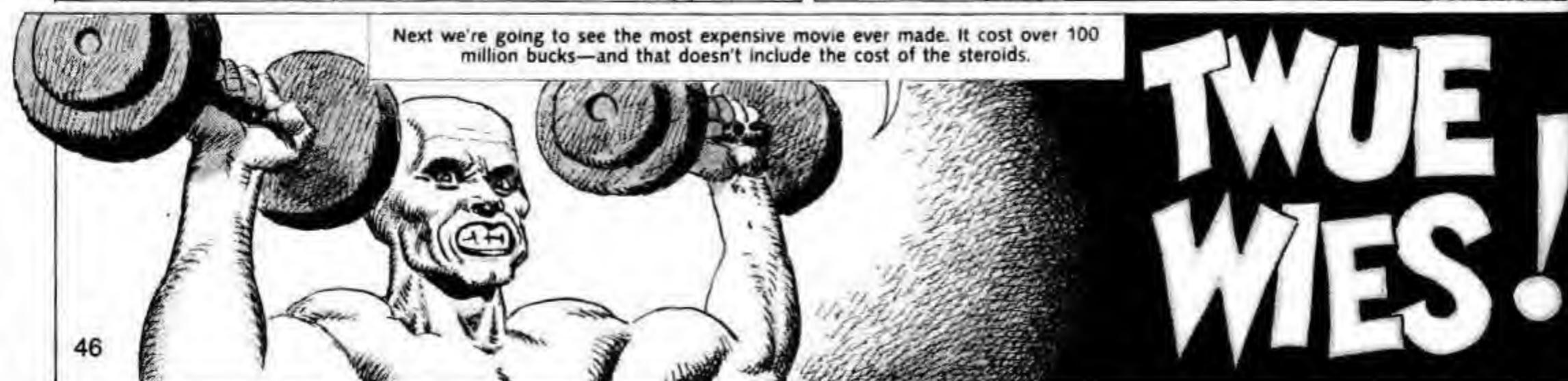
Think back. Think real hard!



Binky! Binky The Clown! You were the clown at my 7th birthday party! You sang funny songs and made balloon animals. You made a giraffe for me and I named it Stanley. Look, I kept it all these years!

I am not a clown!





I yam, sorry I yam late, but I vas savink da country from a newcleah holocaust.

You're a computer repairman. So how did you do that?

It iss time I'm tellink you do troot. Maybe it vill
savink our marriage.



I yam a special agent for da guverment. I yam skilled in all forms of anti-terrorism. I yam a black-belt en karate, unt I yam fluent in six languages.



Too bad English isn't one of them!



This next movie is really different. It's about a 12 year old kid who doesn't own or play on a big league team—which is too bad, as I'd look great in a catcher's mask.



Your honor, my client, South, wants a divorce from his parents.

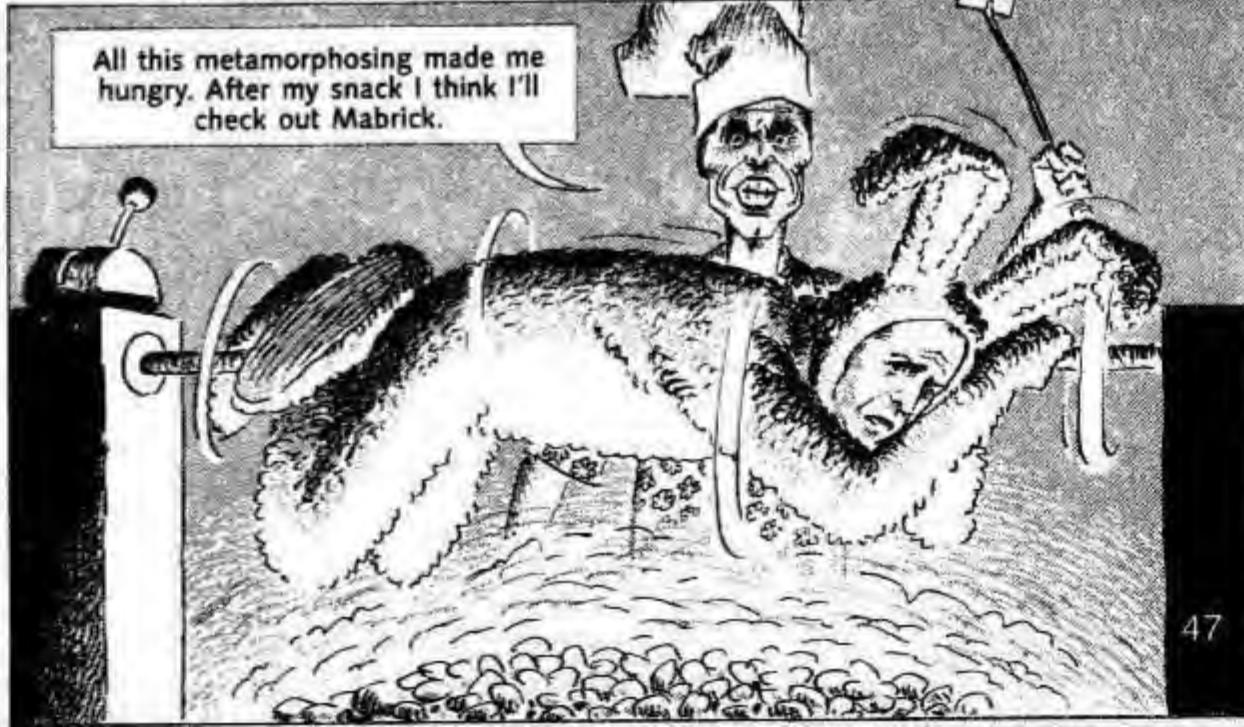
Just because they gave him a stupid name like South is not sufficient grounds for divorce. Will the parents please step forward.



These two neurotics from Seinfeld are your parents? Poor kid, your divorce is granted.

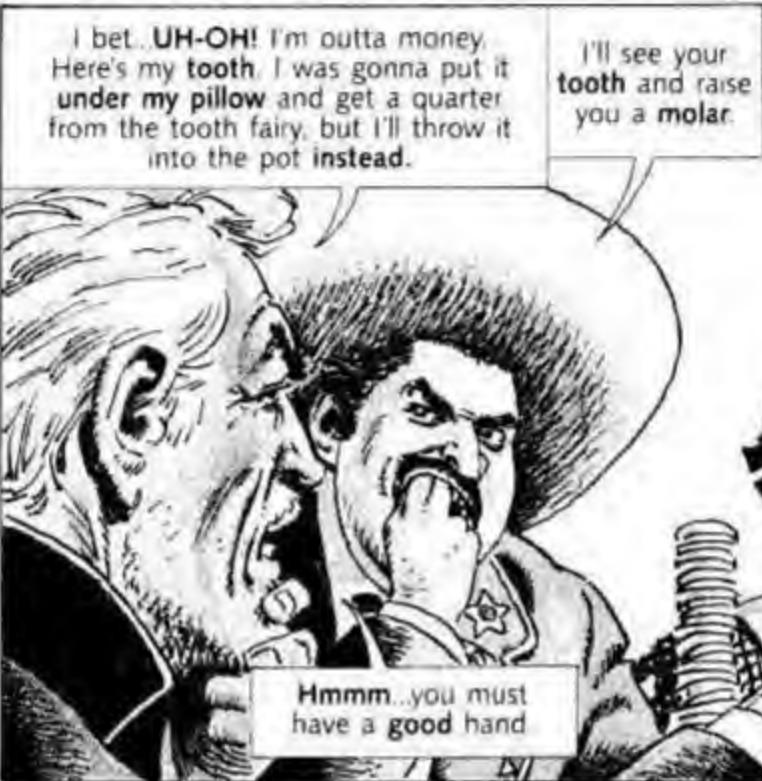


All this metamorphosing made me hungry. After my snack I think I'll check out Mabrick.

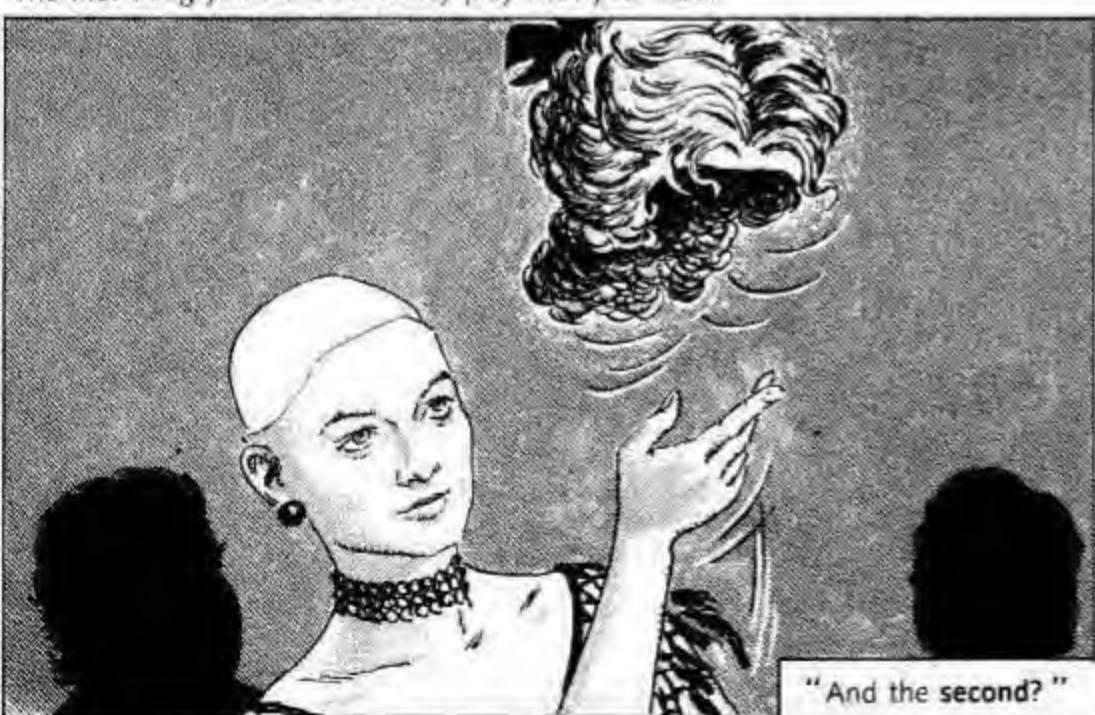


MARSHALL RICK!

I'm Marshall Bane Pooper, and I'll be watching over the "Mississippi Go-Fish Championship" to make sure no one cheats. If anyone does cheat, they'll be tossed off the boat—like this.



"The first thing you do is nervously play with your hair..."



Don't worry, you may be a lousy "Go-Fish" player, but you have other good qualities.

Like what?

You're a great con artist, thief, pick-pocket, liar.



What a kisser! No wonder John Hinckley.

Mabrick, you could not possibly have won! You are a gutless cheat!

That's my motto. "He who is a gutless cheat, lives to be a gutless cheat another day."

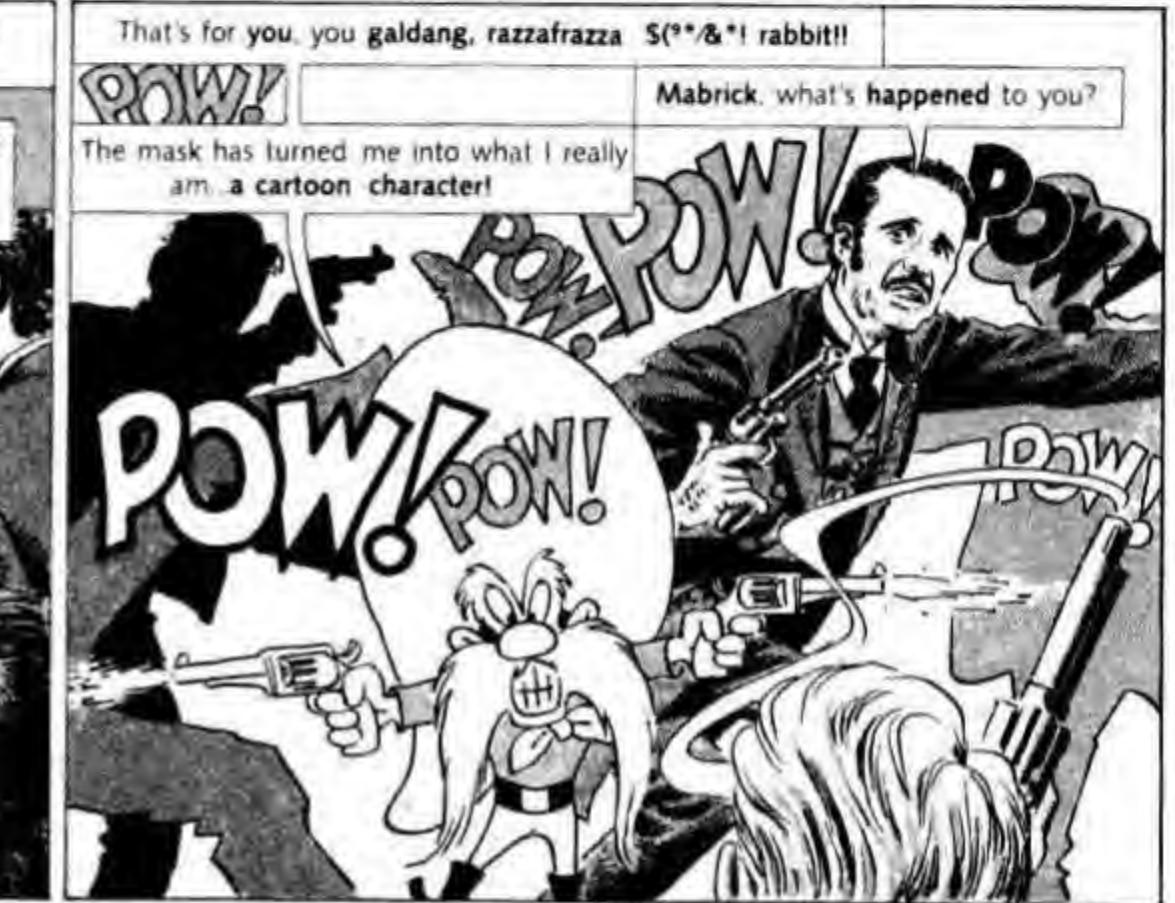
Give me that mask! If I have to be in a shoot-out, it's time I get some nerves.



Hey!

Gee, she's slipping. This time she pick-pocketed everything except my wallet!

NYPD
BLUE
LOOK TO
YOUR
LAURELS



Mabrick, what's happened to you?



Maybe we should stop shooting?

Why, because we've killed everyone?



No, because boats and bullets don't mix.
(GLURB-GLUG!)



I'm not wearing a mask, this is my real face. I just ate a whole container of deadly movie-theater popcorn. BLUUH!

THE END

THE CRACKED LIST

10 BAD SIGNS

WRITER: RANDY EPLEY ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO

⑩ YOU LOOK OUT THE WINDOW AND SEE SOMEONE STARING BACK AT YOU - AND YOU'RE ON A PLANE!



③ ALL THE WAITRESSES AT AN ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT RESTAURANT WEIGH LESS THAN 80 POUNDS...



② YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR FERRIS WHEEL OPERATOR FROM "AMERICA'S MOST WANTED"...



① YOUR DENTIST IS MISSING HIS FRONT TOOTH



⑧ YOUR BRAIN SURGEON'S DIPLOMA HAS SALLY STRUTHER'S PICTURE ON IT...



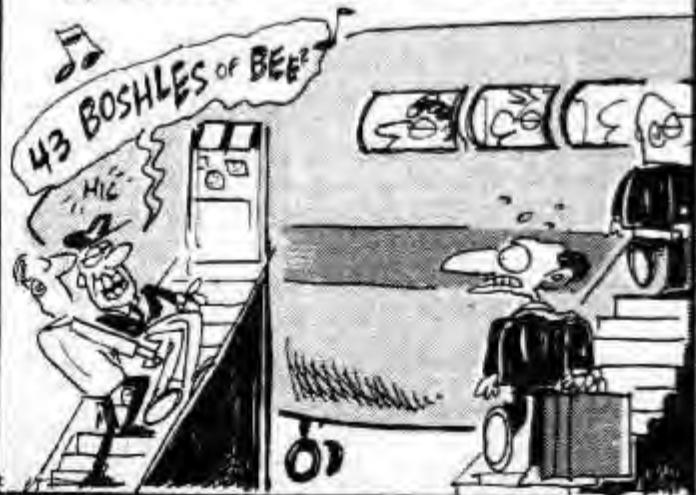
④ YOUR BUS DRIVER DRIVES WITH HIS AIR BAG PRE-INFLATED...



⑤ STROLLING THROUGH A NEIGHBORHOOD, YOU NOTICE BUZZARDS CIRCLING OVERHEAD...



⑦ WHILE BOARDING YOUR PLANE, YOU SEE YOUR PILOT CARRIED INTO THE COCKPIT WHILE SINGING "99 BOTTLES OF BEER ON THE WALL"...



⑥ THE TANNING BEDS AT YOUR TANNING SALON HAVE SPITS...



⑨ YOUR PLASTIC SURGEON'S OFFICE WALLS ARE COVERED WITH PICASSO PAINTINGS...



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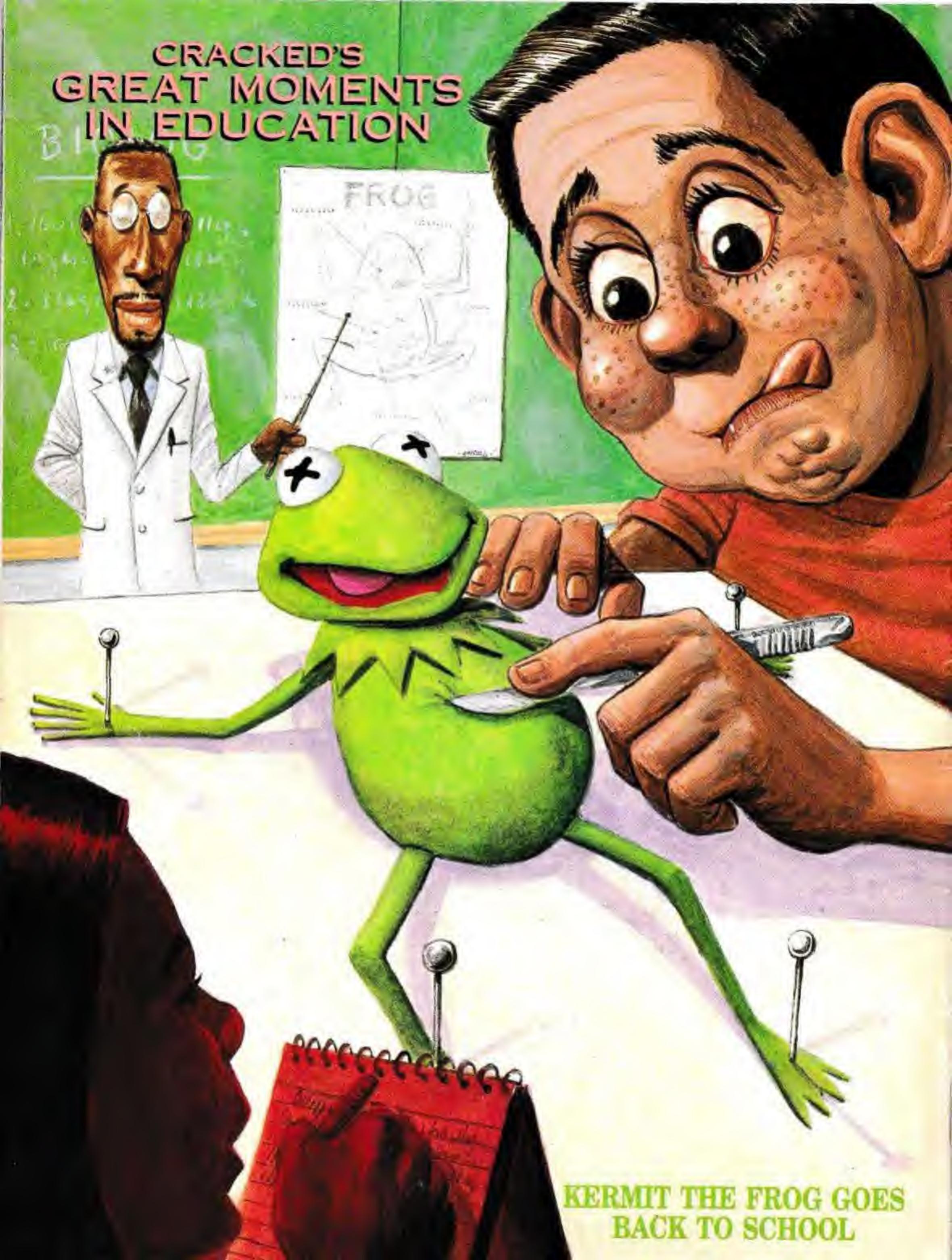
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